

# The Daily Mirror

20  
PAGES

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1923

One Penny.

## ADMIRAL'S OATH OF JUSTICE



Admiral of the Fleet Sir Doveton Sturdee (left), the victor of the Falkland Islands battle, taking the oath during the swearing-in of fifteen new justices of the peace for the county of Surrey. This ceremony occurred at the Quarter Sessions held at Kingston-on-Thames yesterday.

## BROTHER CHARGED WITH MURDER



Peter McDermott (right), in the dock at Liverpool Police Court yesterday, where he was remanded on the charge of murdering his brother Michael, aged nineteen, by shooting him with a revolver. It was stated that the charge may eventually be reduced.

## SARAH BERNHARDT ILL



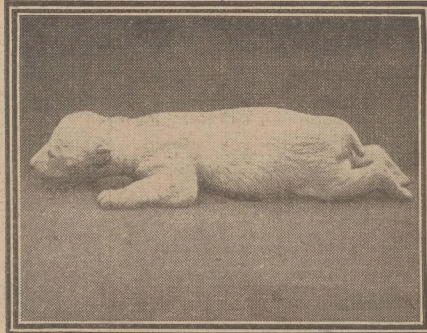
Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who is ill in Paris, as she appeared in London in "Les Cathédrales." It was stated yesterday that she had had a slight relapse, and was declining a new part.

## M.P. AND MIMIC



Mr. James Sexton, M.P., the Dockers' member, as he appeared before a New Year's party at his house near Liverpool, where he gave a number of impersonations of well-known music-hall singers.—(Daily Mirror.)

## BABY BEAR BORN AT THE ZOO



One of the cubs which Barbara, the Polar bear, has just presented to the London Zoo. This is her twelfth family at the Gardens, but she has never yet succeeded in rearing a single baby bear. Sad to say, she has eaten some.



## SPIRIT MEDIUM SENT TO PRISON.

9 Months for Burglary and Housebreaking.

### EX-GUARDIAN.

Man's Career as Chairman of Poplar Board.

Known for many years as a "trumpet" medium, Frederick Fansley Munnings, forty-seven, was sentenced at the Surrey Quarter Sessions yesterday to nine months' hard labour for housebreaking and burglary at the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Tarrant, Old Woking.

Munnings pleaded guilty to the first count and not guilty to the second, adding: "I had not entered the premises on the second occasion."

The chairman, in passing sentence, said that the man was described by the spiritualist fraternity as a "mischievous medium of low order."

It was stated that he was formerly a chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians.

### 'SPIRITUALISTIC STUNT.'

Chairman's Comment on "Mischievous Medium of Low Order."

Prosecuting counsel said that when Mrs. Tarrant was away on her holidays Munnings apparently slept in her house and took various articles.

Superintendent Bosher said that Munnings said he was born at Lowestoft of respectable parents, his father being a Trinity pilot.

After leaving school he was employed as clerk at the local county court offices.

When about twenty he was married. At the time he was the licensee of a public-house at Poplar. Later he held the licence of a Poplar beerhouse.

From April, 1907, to March, 1916, Munnings was a member of the Poplar Board of Guardians and for the latter part of that period was chairman of the Board.

In June, 1917, continued the officer, at Bourne-mouth he was bound over for stealing a bicycle.

After this he appeared to have transacted business in property, and was made a bankrupt at Poole and Bournemouth County Court on February, 1921.

### PRACTISED AS A MEDIUM.

He moved to Hastings in February, 1921. While residing at Pelham-crescent—a boarding establishment carried on by his wife—he practised as a spiritualist "medium," and from this source derived a considerable amount of money.

In August, 1921, Munnings was arrested at Poplar for obtaining and attempting to obtain (two cases) money by false pretences.

In these cases he wrote letters to residents falsely representing that he had just been discharged from hospital after undergoing a serious operation and was without means to pay his fare back to Hastings.

He gave the letters to a boy to deliver and wait for an answer. By this means he obtained sums of money, and for the offences charged was bound over.

Last year he visited different places, giving séances as a "trumpet medium," and had also undoubtedly obtained sums of money by false pretences.

Munnings appeared to have practised widely as a spiritualist "trumpet medium," and his methods had been the cause of much discussion among spiritualist organisations.

It was fairness to him, Superintendent Bosher said that after his arrest Munnings gave such information as was the means of recovering the property concerned in the two charges at Woking.

### MY PROFESSION HAS GONE.

In a statement which Munnings handed in he said:—

"My profession has gone for the time being, and it will probably be years before I am in a position to rehabilitate myself.

Through my long absence from home I regret sincerely to say that my people are suffering considerably financially.

"I have never previously been in such difficulties and have tried always to prove myself a good citizen.

"I would, therefore, make a very urgent request that you will allow me to return to my family as soon as you can permit, and so save my home and prove myself a white man once more.

The chairman (Sir Charles Walpole), in sentencing Munnings, said:—

"You appear to have conducted a variety of systems of defrauding your neighbours, and you have taken up this 'spiritualistic stunt,' as we may call it, but you don't seem to have succeeded in defrauding the spiritualist fraternity, who describe you as a 'mischievous medium of low order.' I think that describes you."

### VOTING PAPERS IN HAT LINING.

At the election at Clitheroe yesterday for a clerk to the Board of Guardians, twenty-eight members dropped their ballot papers in a box, but when the votes were collected only twenty-five papers were discovered.

During the counting a member picked up a hat, inside the lining of which he found the missing three voting papers.

## PEERAGES FOR M.P.s?

Colonel Ashley May Make Room for Sir A. G. Boscawen.

### NEW HONOURS FORECAST.

By Our Political Correspondent.

The rumour was again revived last night that the Prime Minister's list of New Year Honours will include a peerage for Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, M.P. for the New Forest and Christchurch division of Hampshire.

This would provide a seat for Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the Minister of Health, who was beaten at Taunton at the General Election. A seat has also to be found for Mr. J. W. Hills, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who was unsuccessful at Durham, and this will probably lead to another elevation to the peerage at an early date.

The name of Mr. Pike Pease, the present member for Darlington, is mentioned in this connection.

## ARMY BETTING CHARGE.

Clerk Explains Away Coupons Found in His Desk.

At an Aldershot court-martial yesterday Captain Harry Daniels, V.C., M.C., prosecuted Private A. Miller, clerk at the office of the Assistant Director of Supplies and Transport, Aldershot Headquarters, on a charge of using the Headquarters Office for the purpose of betting.

Football coupons filled in and in a bundle, addressed to Miller at the Headquarters Office, were found in Miller's desk. Miller, in his defence, swore he was unaware that they were in his desk or drawers. He took no part in betting transactions. His name and address must have been communicated by betting routs. The court martial accepted this explanation and ordered the discharge of the prisoner.

Capt. Daniels, V.C.

## MUSEUM THEFT.

German Pistol and Left Hand Dagger Taken from Wallace Collection.

Two valuable exhibits have been stolen from a case in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, Manchester-square, W.

The first is a German flint-lock pistol, with a stock of walnut wood, of the 1740 period which weighs about one pound and is 15½ in. long. The other is a left-hand dagger of German make of the period 1610, with a blade 10½ in. in length.

The keeper of the collection said yesterday: "The theft was committed on Sunday between 2 p.m. and 5 p.m., when there were 360 visitors."

The stolen articles were screwed to the wall in Gallery 5. Considerable force would have had to be used to get them off. An ordinary thief would only get 22 or 23 for them, but if the theft was made for a collector there is no knowing what price could be obtained.

"This is the first time a theft has taken place since the collection was opened."

## WOMAN BARRISTER

Makes Hour's Speech on Behalf of Appeal by Her Father.

A woman barrister figured yesterday, at the Huntingdon Quarter Sessions, in an appeal case affecting thousands of ratepayers.

She was Miss E. M. Wheeler, and she appeared for the appellant, her father, a St. Ives solicitor, ably arguing his case in a speech lasting over an hour.

The case raised the question of the legality of a rate recently made by the Ouse Drainage Board for administrative expenses. The Court dismissed the appeal with costs.

## ARSENAL THEFT CHARGE.

Ex-Councillor of Woolwich Accused of Stealing Ammunition.

There was much public interest yesterday in accusations of theft from Woolwich Arsenal preferred against Thomas Scoble, a leading workman, and David Lillie, a labourer, who were remanded on the charge of stealing and receiving 636 rounds of revolver ammunition.

It was stated the Scoble was one of the prominent pair in municipal affairs in Woolwich and was a member of the borough council. Mr. Claydon (for the Director of Public Prosecutions) said both men had been employed at the Arsenal for about seventeen years and bore good characters.

In a statement to the police Scoble said he wanted some ammunition for target practice, but Lillie sent him two parcels of cartridges.

## LEAD MINE EXPLOSION VICTIM.

Ernest Marshall, a single man, aged thirty-nine, died yesterday from injuries received in a blasting explosion at Millicote lead mines, in which two other men were injured.

## LORD GREY'S WREN.

"Not Satisfied in Any Month Till I Have Heard One."

### NEST OF 900 FEATHERS.

"I am not satisfied in any month until I have heard the wren singing," Viscount Grey told the School Nature Study Union at a London meeting yesterday.

"I heard my wren yesterday," he added, "so this month is safe."

Lord Grey placed the study of nature as a pleasure second only to reading; to be "an epicure in pleasure" one must neglect neither anticipation, realisation nor retrospect.

Dealing with birds and their habits, he said that among common British birds the one which built the most wonderful and the most beautiful nest was the long-tailed tit, which used nine hundred feathers to line its nest.

If people desired to appreciate our common birds they must learn to listen to their song. The best time was from the middle of April to the middle of May, when the summer birds were arriving. The robin and the wren could be heard every month in the year.

## CANDLE-LIT JUSTICE.

Electric Failure at Kingston Cuts Short Summing-Up.

Just as the chairman at Surrey Quarter Sessions, summing up a case, had remarked: "It was too late, the damage was done," all the lights in the court went out.

This "effect" was due to a temporary failure of electric power, and the court's business had to be carried on by candle-light. Many shops in Kingston were also forced to use candles.

## HELD UP BY ELEPHANT.

French Workman Trampled On by Stage Beast in Street.

Two Toulouse workmen on their way home were suddenly confronted at a street corner by an elephant (an Exchange message stated yesterday).

The elephant, which is owned by an illusionist appearing at a local theatre, struck one of the workmen with its trunk, but the man was partly protected by a sack of shavings he was carrying on his shoulders.

Then the animal charged the other man to the ground and stamped on him savagely until the keeper, who was some distance behind, reached the spot.

## THEFT BY CINEMA.

Latest Paris Trick to Pirate New Fashions—Camera in a Muff.

Fashion pirates in France have adopted a new and up-to-date method of stealing new dress designs. They use the small pocket cinema camera that has become so popular in the French photographic world.

These miniature instruments are easily hidden in a woman's muff, amongst her furs or in the big bell sleeve of a cloak; and so Madame Pirate is told off by her employer to attend fashion parades and similar exhibitions where she secures pictures of cloaks, frocks and hats. Then the cameras used are entirely automatic in their working they can be operated with complete immunity from detection.

## 3,600 MILES WALK.

Football Enthusiast's Pilgrimage to Cardiff City Matches.

Having tramped 3,600 miles and visited 368 towns since September in pursuance of his determination to follow the Cardiff City Football Club on foot to all their "away" matches, Charles James Manley has returned to Cardiff.

He first witnessed the match with the Arsenal in London, and subsequently saw ten games. He had many curious experiences. Once while walking over the Fells he was attacked by some rams, who tore his overcoat to ribbons.

Altogether Manley wore out seventeen pairs of socks, three pairs of boots, two pairs of shoes and three pairs of goshaws. Trouble with his boots at one stage of the journey compelled him to walk 155 miles barefooted.

## SOLDIER STOWAWAY.

"Stowaway on board. Believe he is a British soldier."

This message, telegraphed from the captain of the steamship Sydney Road, led to the arrest of Fred James Nash, at Port Talbot Docks yesterday. He was charged with being a deserter from the King's Liverpool Regiment, and was remanded for an escort.

## POISON IN FOOD CAUSES DUMBNESS.

Deptford Man's Death Due to Botulism.

### MEAL OF MUSSELS.

Paralysis of Brain—Delirium in Hospital.

After eating mussels at a street stall John Hatimmore, a Deptford man, was seized with illness and died.

It was stated by a doctor at the inquest yesterday that it was a clear case of botulism. The man was delicious, his brain became paralysed, and he was struck dumb.

The doctor added that he knew of no recorded case of poisoning after mussels had been eaten, but "high" food would cause it.

## "HIGH" FOOD DANGER.

Doctor on Possibilities of Poison from Game or Sausages.

Hatimmore, who was 59, and a gas mantle fitter, died in the Greenwich and Deptford Hospital.

Dr. W. D. Wiggins said the post mortem examination showed symptoms consistent with botulism.

Hatimmore, when admitted to hospital, thought his illness was the result of eating mussels from a stall.

He rapidly became delirious, developed paralysis of the brain and was soon unable to speak. Some of the symptoms of encephalitis lethargica were present. The doctor said he thought it was a clear case of botulism.

"If he had botulism, as the symptoms seem to show," asked the coroner, "would it have been due to the eating of mussels?"

"I have not heard or read of its being recorded that botulism could come in that way," replied Dr. Wiggins, "but it might possibly occur with any high food. I have seen it recorded in connection with 'high' game and sausages."

It would be some form of food poisoning?—Yes, the symptoms were consistent with that.

Remarking that death was the result of food poisoning, and not botulism, the coroner recorded a verdict of Natural causes.

## RESCUE TWICE REFUSED.

Ex-Officer Who Swam Away from Boat and Lifebelt.

Two chances of rescue from drowning were refused by Alfred Ernest Mann, forty-two, a Civil Servant, of Jackson-street, Woolwich, upon whom an inquest was held yesterday at Greenwich.

Mr. Mann, who suffered from neurasthenia and insomnia after war service as a captain in the R.F.A., jumped from the free ferryboat at Woolwich.

A lifebelt was thrown to him, but he pushed it away, and, swimming from the boat, which went full speed after him, he was lost to sight among some barges and drowned. Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

## OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time day to day is 5 p.m. Cheaper Gas.—North Middlesex Gas Company has reduced its charges to 3s. 11½d. a 1,000 c.f.

Miss Hilda Fox Hunt.—Foxes were seen in Scratchy Wood, Mill Hill, on eight miles from London, and a hunt organised.

Admiral J.P.—Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee and Sir Cecil Partridge were among new Surrey justices sworn at Kingston yesterday.

New York Herald.—The Hon. Philip Cary, Buenos Aires, has been appointed Guy Herald, in the Inner Houses, to be to all South American ports.

M.P.'s Accident.—Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Fremantle, M.P., was thrown while hunting at Northam, his collar-bone being broken.

Smallpox at Kensington.—A case of smallpox in Kensington was reported yesterday. Twelve persons are under treatment in London.

Island Estate Sale.—North Jura estate, of 64,000 acres, in the Inner Hebrides, is to be sold this season by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Sargents for Nation.—The portraits, by John Sargent, of the family of the late Mr. Asher Wertheimer will be on view at the National Gallery on Monday.

Mayfair Mystery.—Wilful murder by some person unknown was the Westminster inquest verdict yesterday on a baby found in Dering-street, New Bond-street, W.

Fireman Overcome.—In a basement fire at a leather factory in Weston-street, Bermondsey, S.P. Fireman Ambkin was overcome by smoke and taken to hospital.

Premier's Alarm Clock.—Mr. Bonar Law had awakened, thanks to the alarm clock presented him at the elections by Scottish Labour, said Mr. J. Wheatley yesterday at Glasgow.

Boy Housebreaker.—When Richard Sullivan, sixteen, was sent to Borstal for three years at East Kent Quarter Sessions yesterday, it was stated that he entered thirteen houses in a month.



# FRENCH REJECT BRITISH REPARATIONS SCHEME

**Minimum German Debt of £2,500,000,000—  
4-Year Respite Before Annual Payments.**

**PARIS SHOCKED BY PLAN FOR "CONTROL"**

**Opposed to German Chairman and Neutral Members  
of Watching Finance Council in Berlin.**

An acute reparations crisis developed in Paris last night when the French declared that the British scheme was wholly unacceptable.

Britain's plan fixes the German minimum obligation at £2,500,000,000 in thirty-two years, gives Germany a moratorium for four years. Annual payments for the four following years are fixed at £100,000,000; for the next two years at £125,000,000; and after ten years at £166,000,000, or such smaller sum as an impartial tribunal may fix.

It is also proposed to establish in Berlin a Finance Council consisting of Allied and neutral delegates with a German chairman. This suggestion has shocked the French.

According to a high French authority the British scheme is equivalent to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

**REJECTION BY FRENCH OF WATCHING COMMITTEE OF  
BRITISH SCHEME.**

**Equivalent to a Revision of  
the Versailles Treaty.**

**AGREEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.**

Paris, Tuesday.

Receiving the Press to-night the highest French authority did not conceal the great disappointment which was felt in French official circles at the proposal made to-day by the British Premier.

The British and French plans, it was emphatically declared, were diametrically opposed. No compromise seems possible. The French proposals must be taken as the basis of any discussion, or nothing was possible at all.

The British plan was considered as absolutely inadmissible, as it meant, purely and simply, the suppression of reparations.

It totally ignored the scale of payments laid down in May, 1921, and was practically equivalent to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. No French Government could possibly agree to discuss any scheme on such a basis without reference to Parliament, and the Chamber would never agree to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

What shocked French opinion more than anything else was the suppression of reparations and the institution of a Commission of Control, presided over by a German, with international members.

The British plan would reduce the German debt to about twenty-five milliards instead of 132 milliards.

It was also pointed out that the plan was in large part a reiteration of the scheme put forward by Lord d'Abernon.—Exchange.

**THREE ALLIED SCHEMES.**

**Chance That Italian Plan May Serve  
as a Compromise.**

Paris, Tuesday.

The Conference of French, British, Italian and Belgian delegates opened this afternoon at two o'clock in M. Poincaré's private room at the Quai d'Orsay.

To the great surprise of everyone, the Conference adjourned at 4.20 after M. Poincaré, Marchese della Toretta and Mr. Bonar Law had read the French, Italian and British proposals. The Ministers will meet again to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, when the experts will examine the proposals in detail.

The Conference have refused to receive Herr Bergmann, the German Envoy, personally, and he must present his proposals in writing.

The French reparations plan subordinates a moratorium to Germany, to the taking of guarantees and pledges of an economic, financial and customs character.

The Italian plan is opposed to the immediate seizure of pledges. The Italian plan was largely amended at the last moment in such a way as to serve eventually as a basis for compromise.

The French Premier and the Finance Minister had an immediate consultation with the French experts, and at 5 o'clock the two Ministers visited M. Millerand to consider the attitude to be adopted.—Exchange.

**DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S £177,312.**

English property left by the Duchess of Albany (aunt by marriage of the King) is valued at £177,312. Probate has been granted to the Earl of Athlone and Major Edward Seymour, D.S.O.



Sir Edward Manville, M.P., the report of whose intention to resign his seat in Parliament is denied.

Kiazim Pasha, Turkish Commissioner of War, declares that the army is ready to carry out Turkish demands.

**MISSING HUSBAND FOUND  
AT BIRMINGHAM.**

**Recognised by Wife Who  
Travels from Oxford.**

**RETURN HOME TOGETHER.**

There was a dramatic ending yesterday to the mystery of Frank Elton, who disappeared a year ago from his home in Oxford, and whose body was believed to be buried at Northmoor.

Mr. Frank Gray, M.P. for Oxford City, applied recently to the Home Office for the exhumation of the body, which is that of an unknown man who was drowned in the Thames.

Yesterday a man reported at Solihull (Birmingham) police station, claiming to be Elton, whom he resembled, with the exception that he wore a beard. He gave no explanation of a year's absence from his home.

Mrs. Elton left Oxford last night—at the expense of Mr. Frank Gray—for Solihull to investigate the matter. She was accompanied by a police officer.

Mrs. Elton, on arrival at Solihull Police Station, at once identified the man as her husband (says our Birmingham correspondent).

The recognition was mutual, and after only a few minutes' stay at the police station, the reunited couple took the first train to their home at Oxford.

One strange feature of the case is that the parents of James Simmonds, who vanished from Northmoor, hold a certificate that the man buried at Northmoor is their son.

**LAUSANNE'S DAY OF FATE.**

**Conference May End If Turks Not  
Re-accept—Separate Peace Talk.**

If Ismet Pasha does not put forward reasonable propositions for agreement when the Committee on Capitulations meet to-day, the Lausanne Conference may be terminated forthwith, says an Exchange message.

In any case, the Allies do not seem disposed to continue interminable discussions and bargaining. They will demand a clearly defined proposition from the Turks.

The National Assembly at Ankara has decided to maintain the National Pact in its integrity. Ismet Pasha will be empowered to sign a separate peace with each Power which accepts the pact.

Messages to Turkish newspapers declare that the Ankara Government persists in all its demands, and Mustafa Kemal has declared that the Lausanne purporters will probably be broken off.

Mosul Revolt Denied.—The Air Ministry has received confirmation that there is no truth in the Turkish report that R.A.F. aeroplane hangars at Mosul have been burnt down by a revolting population.

**BRITISH TO ARM.**

**English Colony in Cairo Taking Steps  
for Mutual Protection.**

Cairo, Tuesday.

A mass meeting of British subjects to-night passed resolutions requesting Lord Allenby to use all measures possible to assist the Egyptian Government in putting an end to murders.

British subjects are forming a committee to arm the British colony for mutual protection, being of opinion that the Public Security Department is inadequate, the police needing European reinforcements.—Exchange.

**EX-KAISER'S YACHT.**

**To Be Used for World Tour To Make  
Bid for British Trade.**

Germans are making an effort to capture British trade, and are fitting out the ex-Kaiser's palatial pleasure yacht, the Hohenzollern, as a trade ship to visit the whole of the British colonies within the next few weeks.

The Hohenzollern's cabins are being pulled out and replaced by exhibition stands. A British trade ship is sailing on a world tour at the end of March, and the object of the Germans is to sail a month in advance.

**SHOT AFTER "HAPPY  
NEW YEAR" GREETING.**

**Girl and Former Lover in  
2 a.m. Tragedy.**

**BROKEN COURTSHIP.**

**Affair Follows Party Where  
Man Won Whist Prize.**

A love tragedy, involving the deaths of a girl named Rose Goodyear and her former sweetheart, James Fawcett, occurred yesterday after a New Year dance at Swillington, near Leeds.

Fawcett, on a cycle, overtook Miss Goodyear as she was leaving the dance at 2 a.m., with another girl and a young man.

He wished her "A Happy New Year!" and then asked if he could have a word with her. A moment later her companions, who had walked on, heard two shots.

Turning, they saw Miss Goodyear lying in the roadway. Fawcett jumped on his cycle and rode off at top speed towards his home.

He shot himself in a garden close by. Fawcett and Miss Goodyear, who was twenty-three, had walked out together, but a few months ago their close friendship was brought to an end by the girl.

**WHIST PRIZE FOR MAN.**

Her brother states that there was no quarrel, but that her action was due solely to her ill-health.

She was, however, a very bright, jolly girl, and a general favourite.

Miss Goodyear's friends say that Fawcett tried persistently to renew the courtship until the girl tired of his attentions and began to treat him with some coldness.

Fawcett, who was a miner aged thirty-two, was a man of quiet disposition, but he seems to have brooded over his hopeless passion for Miss Goodyear.

Last Friday he remarked to the dead girl's sister, Mrs. Somers: "I shan't see you again this year—perhaps never again."

At the dance Fawcett's conduct was apparently quite normal. He actually won the first prize for men at a whist drive held in conjunction with the dance.

Miss Goodyear walked with her brother, at Quality-street, Swillington.

**PISTOL WARNING SEQUEL.**

**Young Man Charged with Murdering  
Brother of Nineteen.**

Looking dazed and distressed, Peter Macdermott (twenty-four) was charged at Liverpool yesterday with the wilful murder of his nineteen-year-old brother-in-law, Michael.

It was stated that the brothers and another man were drinking port in a public-house when the landlord called Macdermott's attention to the dangerous way in which he was playing with a loaded revolver.

Later the younger brother complained of feeling ill. Peter Macdermott told him to pull himself together, and, it is alleged, pointed the revolver at him at six inches range.

There was a report, and Michael fell dead. Macdermott was remanded, and it was intimated that when inquiries were complete the charge might be reduced.

**GUNNER SAVES GIRL.**

**Strange Incident Causes Sensation  
on Pier at Southsea.**

A sensation was caused on Southsea Pier yesterday afternoon when a woman, who had been walking with a Marine, was seen struggling in the rough sea.

Her companion, Gunner Kirby, R.M.A., jumped in after her and rescued her. The woman, Elsie Wheeler, a domestic servant, was taken to hospital.

**FATHER AND SON DROWNED.**

**Fishing Tragedies—Three Trawlermen Missing—Thames' Sudden Rise.**

While James Walker (thirty-five) and his son David (fifteen) were returning yesterday from fishing off Buckhaven their yawl was swamped, and both were drowned.

A North Foreland message to Lloyd's reports the sinking of the fishing vessel Splendour. Only one man was picked up and three are missing. Floods are extending in Lincolnshire, and the Thames continued to rise yesterday. Between Chertsey and Egham it was 2ft. 6in. and near Shepperton 4ft. 6in. above the normal level, although a week ago it was actually below summer level.

To-day's Weather.—Gale at times; some showers; thunder locally; moderate temperature.



## WILL THE ZOO'S BABY BEAR LIVE?

**Pneumonia Doom Hangs Over Polar Cub.**

### PERFECT MOTHER.

"Mother and child are doing well—so far." Barone, as the New Year cub has been tentatively christened, is only a fluffy white ball, about the size of a mastiff puppy.

It was squawking so lustily yesterday morning that the whole Zoo thrilled with hopes. As to Barbara, she could scarcely contain her pride.

"Barbara's diet is practically unchanged," said Mr. Pocock, the curator. "Horse fat and codliver oil are her normal foods. During this trying time she is having an extra ration of oil."

"She makes a perfect mother, I am glad to say. But, with all her care, she may not be able to ward off the illness which carries off newly-born captive cubs."

"We hope for the best, of course, but—but—" he concluded pessimistically.

A drizzling rain was falling when the gardens closed and darkness fell. The spectre of pneumonia certainly hovered over the Zoo at that moment.

## BEST GIFT ANNUAL.

**Pets' Book That Brings Unbounded Delight to All.**

"The 'Pip and Squeak Annual' has given unbounded delight to my two children. May I congratulate you on its remarkable success?" This is an extract from one of hundreds of letters received by Uncle Dick since Christmas Day, and it is typical of all the others. Wherever it has gone the annual has been hailed with shouts of delight.

Over 155,000 copies were sold before the holiday season began, and the demand has been steady since. The annual makes a splendid gift for any time of the year, and appeals to children of all ages.

Obtainable, price 6s., from booksellers and newsgaters, the "Pip and Squeak Annual" will also be forwarded to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. post free on application to the Publisher, *The Daily Mirror*, 25-29, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.4.

## EX-OFFICER'S DOWNFALL

**Big Salary That Led to Extravagant Habits—Life of Deception.**

A miserable story of a man's downfall was told at Marlborough-street yesterday, when Robert Gunter, thirty-nine, was sentenced to nine months in the second division for obtaining money by worthless cheques.

His solicitor, entering a plea of guilty, said Gunter's history was that of many men after the war. He became efficiency engineer to the L.G.O.C., at £600 a year, and afterwards he went to the British Glass Industries at £1,100, but this firm failed.

That was, perhaps, the reason of his downfall, for he was led by his experience in the war to pass himself off for something he was not.

The police evidence was that Gunter had been going round to clubs and moneylenders, and representing himself to be a doctor.

Mr. d'Eyncourt, in sentencing Gunter, said he had chosen to lead a life of deception.



### Thick Lustrous Hair Kept So By Cuticura.

At night touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. Keep your scalp clean and healthy; and your hair will be beautiful.

Soap, 1s. Talcum, 1s. 3d. Ointment, 1s. 3d. ar. 1s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. French Depot: P. L. Wherry & Sons, Ltd., 24, Chancery Square, London, E.C.4.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

## CIRCUS VETERAN.

**Mr. Robert Fossett Dies at Age of Seventy-Three.**

### ACROBAT AT FOUR.

Known as the father of the English circus world, Mr. Robert Fossett died yesterday at the age of seventy-three.

His father owned a troupe of performing birds, so that he was launched into the atmosphere of the circus ring at once.

He had a remarkable memory, and was fond of giving his reminiscences. He first appeared in public as a contortionist when he was only four, at the old Thames Tunnel fair.

Later, he took up the equestrian side of the business, and claimed to be the second man in England to do the sort of horse act which is now familiar to all circus audiences.

He lived the life, and declared that if he had to start over again his choice would be the same. He was in harness until only seven or eight years ago.

In all his career his only accidents were an arm broken in nine places and a broken ankle. The only adventures he ever talked about were those of a leopard escaping at Taunton and being shot in a parlour, and of a lion who got down a sewer in Birmingham.

Once, at Mundeley, he gutted the circus completely in ten minutes, but that did not prevent Mr. Fossett and his company giving an open-air performance the same night.

## DIAMOND IN TAXI.

**Mrs. Hatry Recovers One of Lost Gems—Necklace Still Missing.**

Mrs. Clarence C. Hatry, the wife of the financier, who lost a valuable pearl necklace and a large diamond from a ring she was wearing on New Year's Eve, has recovered part of the property.

A taxi-driver took a diamond which he had picked up in his cab to the police, and yesterday Mr. Hatry went to Scotland Yard and identified the diamond as the one which his wife had lost.

The pearl necklace has not yet been found.

## LURE OF THE SALES.

**Cheap Shoes, and a Seal Coney Coat for £3 13s. 6d.**

Winter evenings at home will be made doubly comfortable for you if you invest in one of the "Berkeley" easy chairs, to be purchased of Messrs. H. J. Searle and Sons for 15s. with order, the balance of £4 being payable at the rate of 10s. a month.

Bargains in shoes are at present being offered by Messrs. Manfield at their store in Regent-street. There is an array of footwear in suede, patent and glacé kid, including some dainty evening affairs of brocade and satin, all priced at 20s.

Speaking of shoes, too, Messrs. W. Abbott and Sons have this week started their gigantic sale of the well-known "Mayflower" shoes. Smartly cut Oxfords are to be had for as low as 8s., while sandal-shaped shoes in pliable grey suede have been reduced to 12s.

The most cunning of party frocks in excitingly frilled and beribboned styles are to be bought at Arding and Hobbs for 12s. 11d. at their sale, commencing to-morrow.

On Friday Messrs. Holdron, of Peckham, start their January sale. They have some eminently practical coat-frocks in fine serge at 23s. 11d. On the same day Messrs. Jones and Higgins open their sale. They offer one of the short, seal cones coats, now so much favoured, at £3 13s. 6d., and some attractive ties in finest black wool at 21s. each.

The large crowd of shoppers to be seen at Peter Robinson's bear striking testimony to the large number of startling bargains to be secured at this store. Reductions are being made not only on a few, but on every single article.

## POLLY FINDS FAME FULL OF FUN.

**Miss Davies Amused by Early Singing Memories.**

### FRIENDS WERE BORED!

"Oh, what a rush!"

This was the breathless exclamation of pink-cheeked, bright-eyed Polly as she swept like a summer breeze into the stage door of the Kingsway Theatre yesterday morning.

A full rehearsal of the opera which has stormed the town had been called, and the leading lady was a few minutes late.

"How does it feel to be famous?" said Miss Lilian Davies in reply to *The Daily Mirror* inquiry.

"Well, I suppose I am famous—merely, of course, as Polly—but, to tell you the truth, I have not realised the fact yet."

"I only know that everyone is most extraordinarily kind. But I can't help laughing when I think that it is only two years since I began seriously to study singing."

"When I was a small girl I used to sing, in season and out of season—any old tune I could get hold of."

"Neither I nor my family, however, ever dreamt that I should become the leading lady in an historic play."

"In fact, my friends blurted out to me, often and often, that my constant singing worried them to death!"

"Ever since I took up singing professionally, however, I have had no other interest in life. It is everything to me."

"Polly" is pretty hard work, but I enjoy every moment of it. When there are no rehearsals I keep myself in trim by going for a long tramp. Walking has always been my favourite exercise."

"Good-bye. I must fly," concluded Miss Davies with a wave of the hand, as the voice of the call-boy re-echoed through the corridors.

## RING PAWNED FOR DOG.

**Paths of Owners Who Cannot Pay for Renewal of Licences.**

"I don't want to part with my dog; he is such an old and faithful friend, but I cannot really afford the licence."

This is the burden of many letters which the Canine Defence League, 27, Regent-street, London, S.W., are receiving at the present time. The object of the league is to help people who are too poor to renew a dog licence, and no deserving case is ever turned down.

There is no need, in any circumstance, for a person to send a dog adrift, for every central police station can supply the address of a home to which the animal can be taken and painlessly destroyed.

To judge by some of the letters which the secretary of the Canine Defence League showed *The Daily Mirror*, the poorest of the poor, however, are willing to make any sacrifice sooner than part with the family dog.

One woman actually pawned her wedding ring in order to get a licence last year, and a widow, who declares that she has not a soul in the world to help her, says that to part with her dog would be to part with her only friend.

An old soldier, who fought at Tei-kebir and in the South African war, and served for eighteen months in the Great War, has made a pathetic appeal to the society to pay his pet's licence. The man is a cripple, and the dog is, he says, an old and faithful companion.

## WINDOW SCRATCHING AGAIN.

Several cases of malicious damage to shop windows in the North-East district of London were reported yesterday.

Three plate-glass windows of shops in Lower Clapton-road were badly scratched by some sharp instrument, probably a glass-cutter, and the next day two more windows in Mare-street, Hackney, were similarly damaged.

## TO END CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal remedy that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore, if you know someone who is troubled with head noises, catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or a bad catarrhal cough, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps from total deafness.

The prescription can easily be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—

From your chemist get 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this efficacious home treatment.

Karmoid Tablets remove all poisons from the system—cure constipation. Make you look and feel fine. Try them. Easy and pleasant to take. Is. 3d. all Chemists.—(Advt.)

## THEY BROUGHT HER GOOD HEALTH.

**Karmoid Tablets Quickly Brought Her Good Health After She Suffered for Years.**

Mrs. Preston says:—I suffered with Constipation for many years until my health was nearly ruined and I was a nervous wreck. My food would ferment in my stomach and I suffered a great deal from indigestion, which caused headaches and bilious spells. I frequently had severe pains in my side and across my back. I changed to read about Karmoid Tablets in the paper and started taking them four months ago. Immediately I felt better. I do not know what Constipation is now. I am free from headaches and bilious spells and have not had an ache or pain since I commenced taking Karmoid. My nerves are good and I am enjoying the best health that I have had for years. Karmoid Tablets have certainly done wonders for me. Karmoid Tablets are sold and recommended by good Chemists everywhere. They cost little and are easy and pleasant to take. There is nothing better for Constipation, Indigestion and Stomach troubles.—(Advt.)

## MANFIELD'S

170, REGENT STREET, London, W.1.

## SALE

Reductions from 78/9, 66/9, 59/9, etc.

Example from the thousands of bargains.  
Black (or Bronze)  
Over 30in.  
Satin, Steel beaded.

24/-

Postage 9d. extra.



## IDEAL SUPPORT

For Down-Drags and Figure Prominence. Absolute accuracy of fit, lightness and ease of adjustment make this belt a real boon to ladies troubled with undue prominence of figure, obesity or bearing-down sensations. All weight is transferred to the hips, with consequent improvement in figure and ideal supporting comfort.

**ABDOMINAL BELT.**  
Mrs. M. M. Felling, London, writes: "I paid a very high price to a well-known surgical instrument-making firm for a 'Kidney Belt' and your belt is superior in every way—Make, Finish and Construction."  
THE HEALTH CARET CO. (Dep. 241)  
25-25, Halford Viaduct, London E.C.1

CM 19

# Cadbury's Milk Chocolate

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE"

"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

1/3 HALF POUND PACKET

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate



## THE SNOW'S OWN RIVAL



This smart costume of woolly Bedford cord, with white caracul on coat and cap, rivals the beauty of the snow, amid which it is intended to be worn. It certainly looks most picturesque.



**BASKET-BALL ON WHEELS.**—The referee about to release the ball during a game of basketball played at Philadelphia, U.S.A., between teams mounted on roller skates.

## TINY MISSION SHIP'S RETURN FROM ATLANTIC VENTURE



Officials interested in Labrador trout brought over by the Harmony for the first time.



Captain Jackson (right), master of the ship, and some of the crew with a splendid Polar bearskin.



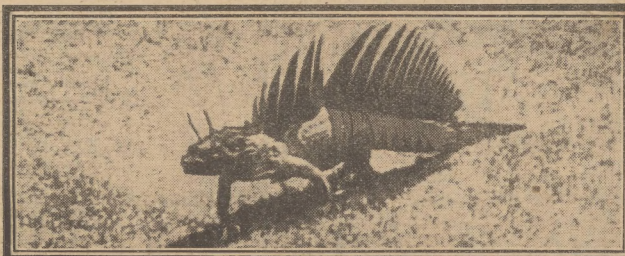
**NO SINECURE.**—A new picture just received in London of Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, at his desk engaged in the duties of his difficult office.



The Harmony, the 223-ton barque of the Moravian Missions, in dock at London after her adventurous voyage of 9,000 miles to Labrador and back.



Mr. Ditmars "making up" an alligator. It was painted with aluminium paint.



**MONSTERS TO ORDER.**—An alligator disguised as a prehistoric dinosaur by Mr. Ditmars, curator of the New York Zoo. Photographed with a proportionate background, it appears in an educational film as a monster over 90ft. in length.



**POLICE AWARDS.**—Constable James Bunstead, of the Liverpool police, who has been awarded the King's Police Medal for his gallant rescue of a woman from drowning in the Mersey. He narrowly escaped losing his own life.



Constable William Handley, also of the Liverpool police force, another recipient of the King's Police Medal, awarded for his pluck in tackling a Russian sailor who fired at the constable with a revolver. The sailor afterwards shot himself.



# JONES & HIGGINS

of Peckham

## GREAT WINTER Sale STARTS ON FRIDAY

Everything Reduced in All Departments

Embracing everything to wear, for Ladies, Gents., and Children, and everything needful in the Home.



The two frocks shown here are representative of the many gowns we are offering which are produced in our own workrooms, from the finest materials.



We are now open ALL DAY SATURDAY until 7 p.m. Closing Thursdays, 1 p.m.

Our Whole Stock of  
**COATS & COSTUMES**  
at Enormous Reductions.



Limited Quantity

"RODNEY."—All-Wool Gabardine Coat Frock from Special Purchase of Material, made by our own tailors on premises. Exact copy of expensive model. Ornaments and trimmings are of contrasting colour of Gabardine. In shades of Grey, Mole, Fawn, Cinnamon, Tan, Brown, Navy and all Black. Sizes S.W. and W. Certain to please.  
Usual Price 35/6. Sale Price **25/9**  
Carriage Paid.

### SPECIAL PURCHASE of FUR WRAPS and COATS

An enormous range of high-grade Furs in Wraps and Coats will be offered in this Stock.



Black Seal Coney Coats. The latest shape with large shawl collar and pockets. Made from excellent skins, smart fancy lining. Length 58ins. Wonderful value.  
**£3 13 6**



Elegant Coat in Electric Seal Coney. Smartly cut with ample fullness. Really superlative lustrous skins. Handsome large Natural Shunk collar. Lined throughout rich satin. Length 58ins. Regular Price 25 Gns. Sale Price **14 Gns**



Animal Ties in Finest Black Wallaby, pointed white. Closely resembles silver pointed fox. Regular Price 31 Gns. Sale Price **21/-**  
Post free.

200 ONLY

# HOLDRON'S

PECKHAM, LONDON.

## WINTER SALE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th.

DURING ordinary times we claim that our prices are LONDON'S LOWEST and that our customers invariably effect a saving by shopping at our store. As prices are considerably reduced for the sale, A DOUBLE SAVING is secured. Our policy is never to over-generate—absolute reliance may be placed on our statements. Country customers may order with every confidence, knowing that if on arrival of goods they are not in every way satisfactory, they may be returned and money unhesitatingly refunded. Postage is charged on all purchases over 25/- Parcels over 10lbs. are sent carriage forward to Ireland at purchaser's risk.



M 94.—Wonderful Value in All-Wool Botany Serge Coat Frock, smartly trimmed military braid, tie-band of self-material. Lengths: 44, 46, 48ins. Navy, Nigger or Black. Sale Price **29/11**  
Worth 45/11.



M 106.—Very Smart Slip-on Overall, in one of the newest and most up-to-date styles. The skirt is made of heavy quality Black Italian Cloth, with a very smart Crotona band. The bodice is of the same pattern. Costume. As this overall promises to be a very popular number throughout the season, advantage should be taken of this Special Sale Offer. Post 6d. **3/9**  
Sale Price **59/6**  
Worth 84/-



M 102.—Elegant All-Wool Gabardine Coat Frock, with new blouse effect, tastefully embroidered on bodice and side panels of skirt. Leading shades: Navy, Nigger or Black. Lengths: 44, 46, 48, 50ins. Sale Price **27/11**  
Worth 39/-



M 92.—Smart Tailored Coat, of good quality, shaverproof Tweed. Deep inset sleeves, D.B. lapels, quilted cuffs, and finished with all-round belt to button at side. Dark Green, Navy, Nigger or Black. Lengths: 44, 46, 48, 50ins. Sale Price **27/11**  
Worth 39/-



M 90.—All-Wool Botany Serge Coat Frock, smartly-trimmed with military braid, finished with small steel buckles. Navy, Nigger or Black. Lengths: 44, 46, 48ins. Sale Price **23/11**  
Worth 35/-



M 4.—Holdron's Noted Reversible Flushette for Curtains, Table Covers, etc., in Crimson, Blue, Olive Green or Gold. Patterns Free. Sale Price 30ins. **3/3** Per wide yard 70ins. **5/6** Per yard

M 1.—150 pieces Pure Longcloth, 36ins. wide, Worth 9d. Post extra. Sale Price **6 3/4d.**

M 72.—Ladies' White or Natural Merino Sprucers, Long or Short sleeves.

**3/7 1/2** Post 6d.

Elevated Electric to Peckham Rye from Victoria, London Bridge, Crystal Palace, etc.



M 74.—Ladies' Ribbed Divided Skirts slightly flared, soft and durable. Grey, Navy, Jade, Brown or Rose. Per Pair **2/3**  
Post 4d.



ALL AT **8/11**

Post & Packing 1/- extra.

ALL AT **8/11**

Post & Packing 1/- extra.

### CLEARANCE OF A PURCHASE OF A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF UMBRELLAS.

Made up on some of the newest and smartest FRENCH HANDLES.

- No. 1. Carved Ivory in natural or mahogany tone.
- " 2. Polished Wood with carved or poker work designs.
- " 3. Carved Ivory in Black White or Black and White.
- " 4. Polished wood inlaid with Ivory.
- " 5. Black Composition Top on a light polished grained fit-up.
- " 6. Black Composition Top on a light polished grained fit-up.

THE COVERS are a high grade BORDERED TAFFETA MIXTURE, and can be called upon to give up and wear.

THE FRAMES are FOX'S PARAGON the best of the world produces. We refund money if you are at all dissatisfied with your purchase.

THESE UMBRELLAS CANNOT BE BOUGHT ORDINARILY UNDER 15/11.

### SPECIAL LINE OF LADIES' UMBRELLAS.

Slightly Imperfect Covers. Crooked or Straight Handles. **2/11 1/2** Post, etc., 1/-  
Slightly Imperfect Bordered Taffeta Covers in Militaire, Crooked or Straight Handles. **4/9** Post, etc., 1/-  
SPECIAL SALE PRICE



M 73.—Ladies' Vests large size, shaped waist, good wearing quality. **2 for 3/7 1/2** Post 6d.

Bones—12, 12a, 12b, 37, 37a, 63, 78, 78a. Trams—40, 54, 56, 64, 72, 84.



M 75.—Ladies' Fleecy Liner. Heavy weight, in Grey, Navy, Cream or Brown. Per Pair **2/6**  
Post 4d.

JONES & HIGGINS, LTD., Greater London's Greatest Store, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.15.

H. HOLDRON, LTD., 117-147, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E.15



# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1923.

## ANNUALS.

THE growing complexity of modern civilisation is remarkably illustrated by the pile of red-covered reference Annuals that give us information about everybody who is anybody, and everything that matters at the start of a New Year.

These volumes strike us as miracles of organisation, of research, of concise statement and skilled omission.

But however well they may boil down facts and reduce persons they inevitably grow larger as the years roll on.

More and more of everything!

More distinguished persons, every year, for the biographical compilations; more facts for the information hold-alls!

Compare our "Debrett," our "Burke" and our "Who's Who" with the little reference volumes of a century ago. Like the proto-Bradshaw and the primitive A.B.C., these works have swollen unrecognisably.

Is it that readers, nowadays, want to know more than our ancestors did? Is it that there are more people to know about?

A little of both, as they say, but that is not the problem that matters.

We are thinking for the moment, not of the past—so oddly shrunken up, as all objects are, in the light of memory revised—but rather of the immense congested future.

If everything goes on getting more complicated, and most people go on getting more celebrated, what will Annuals look like in 2023?

They will be so vast that they will have to be abolished. Their editors will have to begin anew in the Biblical manner. They will chronicle only the names and deeds and families of a few patriarchs. The minor prophets will be left out.

## TOO MUCH NEATNESS?

THE younger generation are always much in evidence during the Christmas holidays. In consequence, they are a good deal criticised—behind their backs, very often, for who in these days ventures to reprove youth openly? Youth has such a sharp tongue for retorts!

The style of criticism has changed, however, to suit modifications in youthful manners.

Take clothes and general appearance, for example.

Turn again to one of the old cautionary guide books for erring infancy. Read what it says about schoolboys.

Chiefly it comments on their untidiness.

"What are those horrid inkspots on your fingers, Tom? Oh, remove them, lest Aunt Ada should see! And your collar, my boy, is all crumpled, and has marks of the human hand upon it—probably the fingerprints of young Fred, with whom, just now, I caught you fighting in the parlour!"

So it ran on. The schoolboy, it was understood, was a dishevelled animal—never neat.

But, see, what is happening to-day?

Parents write to us to complain that their boys *think too much about clothes!*

Youth dresses too well, spends too much money on ties, fusses too much about the matching of these with socks. "In my time," says the father, "we never worried about nonsense of that sort." No, and because he didn't, he was reprov'd.

Is there no pleasing parents?

If nuttishness has indeed replaced grime, the moral maxim books must be revised.

Instead of recounting how Tom got poisoned and died in agony because his fingers were inky and he would put them in his mouth, we shall have to tell how a boy who would linger before the glass, in order to arrange his tie, got burnt in the fire that enveloped the building at that moment.

W. M.

# THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

New Year Prophecies—The School Report—Censorship of Novels—Belief in Fairies.

## COMING EVENTS.

WOULD it make us any happier if we were to know the future? Many of us are constantly prying into it by getting our fortunes told, and so on, but it would be absolutely fatal to our peace of mind if we really could foretell coming events.

Imagine how it would have depressed us all, for instance, had we known beforehand that the great war was about to take place!

CONTENTED MIND.

## NAUGHTY NOVELS.

THE trouble with a book like M. Victor Marguerite's is that it gives a picture of a certain corrupt section of Parisian society, and

## THE DREADED REPORT.

I THINK that it is impossible for a schoolmaster to give proper judgment of a pupil's work when he has so many reports to write.

He does not know all the boys very well, and the result is that only the boys that he knows get correct reports. In this way many parents are misled as to how their children are working at school.

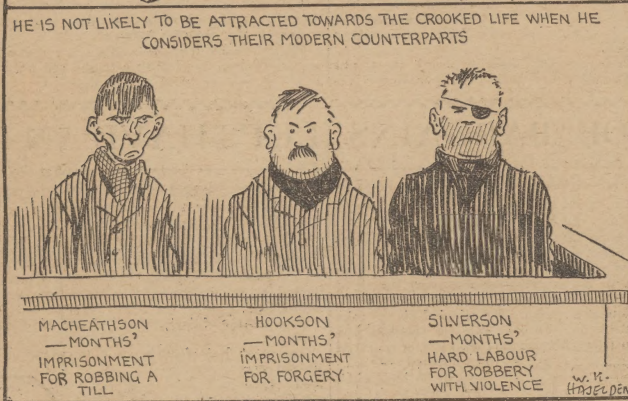
DISCIPULUS.

UNDOUBTEDLY the school report is an absolute necessity. It is practically the only means by which the busy parent is informed of the progress of his sons or son.

It is only by these periodical reports that he is able to judge of the ability or inability of his

## NO PICTURESQUENESS IN MODERN CRIME!

HOWEVER FASCINATED MASTER TOMMY MAY BE BY THE ANCIENT HEROES OF CRIME,



There has been more talk recently of the bad influence of stories and plays about pirates and other picturesque criminals. But surely the modern child can distinguish between the rascal of romance and the robber of ordinary life?

leads foolish people to suppose that many French people live in this appalling manner.

In every country, and at every time, there will always be a few hundred utterly corrupt people. These will not be led to reform their ways by reading descriptions of their own vices.

What, then, can be the object of such books as the one just condemned in Paris? R. F. Barons Court, W.

SURELY M. Marguerite's name ought to be a sufficient guarantee that he is not a man likely to write an immoral book.

All readers of recent French literature know his name as a respectable author. His intentions in publishing the banned novel were probably good enough, and I think the authorities of the Legion of Honour ought to have given him the benefit of the doubt.

I notice that several very distinguished French authors have protested against the step recently taken.

A LOVER OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Twynford, Berks.

## WISE PARENTS.

PARENTS must have some means of knowing how their children get on at school.

When a child's report is a curse to him it is generally the parents' fault. Parents forget that they are onlookers, school life being the child's own responsibility.

Any grievance against a child is nursed, and he or she is continually nagged at.

The right type of parent praises, rebukes—and forgets. A. C. Christchurch, Hants.

son to supersede him in his business or profession.

On the other hand, he can also judge what other occupation would be more suitable for him.

As "The Schoolboy" says, the report is a spur to the idle. But what is perhaps more important, it acts as a stimulant to the forward pupil. Surely a good report is conducive to more energetic efforts, providing the pupil is sensible, of course. ELVE.

Richmond, Yorkshire.

WITH regard to "A Schoolboy's" cutting remarks, may I say that I do not want everyone to become lazy at school?

It is surely the masters' and mistresses' business to see that the work is done. Children should not be compelled to do it for fear of their reports.

I want to procure holidays unspoiled by perpetual scolding about reports for schoolgirls and boys.

If "A Schoolboy" must have a report, why shouldn't it be sent on the last instead of on the first day of the holidays?

Then our peaceful holidays, at least, would be secured. FRESH FROM SCHOOL.

## REAL FAIRIES.

AS a religious man, I am expected to believe in the existence of angels.

I have never seen an angel, neither have I ever met anybody who has seen one.

Why, therefore, should I not believe in fairies, regarding whom I am in exactly the same position? QUERY.

# SCHOOL REPORTS AND HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

WHAT THE MASTER SAYS ABOUT THE BOY.

By ALAN HARRIS.

THE system of School Reports has been vigorously criticised in your correspondence column by many of your younger readers, on the ground that unfavourable remarks by schoolmasters are apt to spoil happy holidays.

This system is an attempt at co-operation between parents and teachers for a common purpose. It depends, therefore, for its success on the wisdom of both parties—a condition hard to fulfil.

It would be a good thing (if only it were possible) that teachers should know how seriously each boy's parents take reports.

As it is, a master does not know whether an unfavourable comment will lead to frowns and disgrace, or indulgent smiles, or even wise admonition.

A parent who may have no conception of the child's difficulties will accept as a weighty judgment some conventional phrase hastily used by a master who may not understand much more than himself.

Some parents, not having moved with the times, make a most unwise fuss over a bad report.

A few parents are openly contemptuous of reports.

This is far worse than having none at all, especially for boys, for it encourages their regrettable tendency to regard masters as their natural enemies.

Good reports are, of course, less dangerous, though even they may have unfortunate effects, as in the case of the boy who wrote to his father that he was, "as his report said, thoroughly satisfactory."

## GOOD AND BAD.

These dangers are far greater when the reports are misleading; and it is inevitable that a great number of them should be.

The master has before him a mass of statistics, which tell him something of the level of each boy's performance. He is not tied down rigidly to them, but he must keep reasonably close to them. If his comment on the head boy of his class were "superficial and self-satisfied," however sound it was, there would be an outcry. The report is thus largely a statement of the child's natural ability; but it will certainly be taken by the parents largely as a judgment of its moral character and deserts.

The bestowing of praise or blame demands a very careful consideration of each child's gifts and difficulties, as well as of its parents' attitude, but a teacher usually cannot give much of this consideration to reports. At the end of a hard term's work, after the last agonies of marks and orders, he is faced with a pile of blank forms; and he would hardly be human if it were not his chief aim to get them filled in as soon as possible without making them too startling or paradoxical.

It is natural that parents should want to know how their children are getting on at school, but usually there are other ways of finding out. Here and there the report may fulfil its purpose: but is one such case worth the ninety and nine others?

If there is anything exceptional—either good or bad—about a child's school life, the teacher would do best by getting into personal communication with its parents.

# OVEN-O.

CLEANS GAS COOKERS EASILY IN 10 MINUTES

"My maid has used 'OVEN-O' on a much stained gas oven, and we are delighted with the result." (Sgd.)

Mrs. LE CREN CLARKE, Eltham.

Used and sold by the Richmond Gas Stove and Meter Co., Ltd.

Price 1s. per tin. If your dealer cannot supply, send coupon free to us: 2 tins 2/1; 11 tin 1/4 post free.

HUGH McREA, Ltd., GREAT NORTHERN HOUSE, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1.

Name.....  
Full Address.....  
To HUGH McREA, LTD., Great Northern House, KING'S CROSS





# OUR WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT: SEE ALSO PAGE 13

## GREATER ARTISTRY IN "CATTISHNESS" VALUE OF TACT IN THE HOME.

### HABIT NOT CONFINED TO WOMEN ONLY.

By HENRY DEVON.

A WOMAN, the other day, was "caught," so to say, performing a sensational act of kindness to another woman, and an interviewer promptly bore down upon her in quest of a "story."

He carried away from the interview not only a story but a sentiment.

"What am I doing," the good-hearted lady asked him, "that is unusual—so very unusual for one woman to do for another?" And she went on from the particular to the general:

"Men, it seems, get their idea of women from George Bernard Shaw and men of his type. Men believe women to have a felonish nature—that women are consumed with the desire to scratch and claw at other women."

#### FATAL FEMINE CONFIDENCES.

"Felonish" in this connection, is, no doubt, somebody's mistake—whether the lady's or the reporter's—for "feline."

Felons, with all their faults, are not much given to scratching; whereas cats, as we all know, have that playful but unpleasant habit. The suggestion is that all men believe that all women are of a "cattish" disposition, and have arrived at that estimate of them through blind faith in the evangel of Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

The latter thesis is not, perhaps, very convincing.

The number of those who admire Mr. Bernard Shaw as a popular entertainer is, fortunately for him, appreciably larger than the number of those who follow him as a philosophic thinker. The circle which regards him as an amusing and paradoxical heretic is much wider than that in which he is esteemed an infallible teacher.

There remains, however, the major charge: that men speak of women collectively as "cats," and are astonished, as our inter-

viewer was, to meet a woman who is not only capable of benevolence, but incapable of spite.

Is it a true charge?

Not many men, perhaps, would plead guilty to it; but some would certainly do so, and would put up an ingenious and interesting defence.

Just as Adam, on a memorable occasion, pleaded that he had been tempted by a woman, so these, when confronted with their calumnious words, would plead that they were only repeating what women had told them.

There may be something in that plea.

The average man's knowledge of women is not derived solely from direct observation or from feminist treatises. He can hardly



A fluted under-brim of georgette, which reminds one of a cartridge belt, the latest millinery notion.

help deriving a good deal of it from women's confidences; and if he is of a cynical turn he is rather apt to come to the conclusion that the things which a woman tells him about herself are less trustworthy than the things which she tells him about other women.

Those women, therefore—and there unquestionably are such—who pat themselves

on the back at the expense of their sister women, accusing these in the mass of paltry spitefulness and purring insincerity and the various other tendencies which go to make up "cattishness" are doing their sex a very bad turn by saddling it with a reputation which it would not otherwise acquire.

Men, as a rule, do not fall into that error of judgment: are not much given, that is to say, to telling women in whom they confide that men in general are guilty of vices of which they themselves, they are glad to say, are innocent.

Consequently women, when they wish, as they sometimes do, to criticise men adversely, have to do so "off their own bats," and without much male assistance; but critical women, guided by intuition and the workings of their subconsciousness, have raised the question whether there is not a good deal of talk in men's clubs and other societies which corresponds, more or less, with the alleged "cattishness" of the conversation in women's coteries.

It may be that there is.

#### MASCULINE "CATTISHNESS."

Assuredly unjust depreciation of the absent is not absolutely unknown in such gatherings. Unquestionably men, like women, often show themselves more conscious of another's infirmities than of their own. And how, a woman might very well ask, does that differ from cattishness?

In some cases, perhaps, it does not differ from it at all; but, in other cases, there is a rather noticeable difference.

There is, that is to say, in men's "cattishness" (if the word be insisted upon) a more conscious artistry: a more eager straining after effect, and a greater readiness to tamper with the truth, not, indeed, for the sake of causing pain, or discrediting a rival, but simply in obedience to the artistic precept that it is every raconteur's duty to leave a story better than he found it.

That, a woman might rejoin, only makes matters worse; and her title to the last word in the controversy shall not be disputed.

### LUBRICANT WHICH OILS DOMESTIC WHEELS.

By A MARRIED WOMAN.

A WOMAN may have all the virtues under the sun, and yet, if lacking in tact, be found unsatisfactory as a wife.

Of all the gifts dealt out to mortals by the fairy godmothers who attend their christenings, perhaps the most important of all for a woman to secure is tact.

In the home life a woman's tact is the lubricant which oils the wheels and keeps the machinery working harmoniously, without strain or discordant note.

Ups and downs will no doubt come to upset the smooth tenor of her married life, but these little rifts are only natural, for, after all, the ideal wife to be perfect must be human as well as tactful. The little rifts will not remain open long, and tact will play as big a part in their repair as love.

We have recently been told that happy women make the best wives, but what exactly constitutes a really happy woman? Is it not one who in forgetfulness of self achieves the essence of a loving tact, enabling her to gloss over all discordant vibrations arising from the friction of opposing wills, or caprice and beguile obstinacy, without its knowledge, into a smiling compliance?

The understanding, tactful wife who knows just when to speak, and when to hold her tongue, how to deal with her husband's little weaknesses without condemning, possesses also the art of bridging over successfully the innumerable difficulties that arise in any household. She converts chaos into settled order, at the same time finding and giving happiness, for a happy wife makes a happy husband.

Tact to a woman, whether dealing with husband, children, household affairs, or other women, is as diplomacy to a politician—the magic carpet which carries her safely through all the pitfalls of married life.

## THE FATAL LURE OF 'BARGAINS' LET'S HAVE AN INDOOR GARDEN

TWICE a year, like millions of other women, I go "a-sale-ing."

In the days of my youth I "saled" without thought or method—merely for the joy of picking up a bargain. Bitter experience, however, and remnants which eventually proved to be of no earthly use, have shown me the wisdom of scientific "sale-ing."

For it is a science to know at the psychological moment whether that 1½ yards of perfectly sweet grey crêpe broché is (a) enough to make a jumper and (b) the right shade to match your p a n n e skirt!

You hesitate, and someone else carries off the prize, or you buy it, only to find that it is much too pale, and its utter uselessness haunts you until in desperation you give it away.

So now, before the sales begin, I go stolidly through my possessions, taking stock, measurements and notes.

Then, thoroughly well prepared, I start off, armed with a list of things which will be really useful, and complete with patterns of the materials which may have to be matched.

For instance, under the heading "cushions" is pinned a scrap of my drawing-room chintz and

the footnote:—"Three-quarter yard of velvet, one-eighth yard of satin, two yards of metal tissue ribbon will make a bolster cushion. Look out for gold tassels."

I hope these instructions will keep me to the stern path of economy. This year I ought not to be carried away by a ravishing (but in my drawing-room useless) length of green and silver brocade.

Here is a remnant list which I always take to the sales. In each case the smallest possible (though sufficient) quantity of material is indicated:—

4 yards 56 inch wide, will make a coat and skirt.

4 yards 40 inch wide, a plain coat-frock.

5 yards 40 inch wide, a panelled coat-frock.

3½ yards 56 inch wide, a wrap coat.

2½ yards 40 inch wide, a shirt blouse.

1½ yards 40 inch wide, a short-sleeved kimono blouse.

11 yards 40 inch wide, 3 short-sleeved kimono jumpers.

4 yards 40 inch wide, a bouffant dance-dress.

3 yards 40 inch wide, a plain dance-dress.

2 yards 40 inch wide, a dressing wrap.

4 yards 40 inch wide, a dressing gown.

Never carry a book, a fussy handbag, or a lot of unnecessary impedimenta when you go a-sale-ing. You will find them a fearful nuisance. It is better to wear old clothes and risk a soaking than be bothered by a broly.



IT is after the excitements of Christmas that the dreary length of our English winters begin to tell upon the nursery people.

Then is the time to start an indoor garden.

Now if Nannies and people who object to "messy" games should happen to read this, let me haste to explain that, properly conducted, an indoor garden is a perfectly clean amusement.

As a matter of fact, no soil of any kind is used.

You must first of all buy a pennyworth of linseed cross or canary seed (these are the most successful plants to grow).

At the bottom of a shallow bowl put a few lumps of charcoal (this is to keep the water sweet and fresh), and fit a piece of flannel inside the bowl. Damp this thoroughly with warm water and sprinkle with seeds, and place in the dark for about a week, keeping the flannel very moist.

When the seedlings appear bring to the light: the bowl will soon be full of tiny green plants, just the thing to brighten the nursery table on a grey day.

If you wish to improve upon your miniature "meadow," place a small mirror amongst the seedlings to form a "pond," a minute toy frog or a long-legged stork will also add to the effect.

Last year some small friends of mine grew a tangled jungle

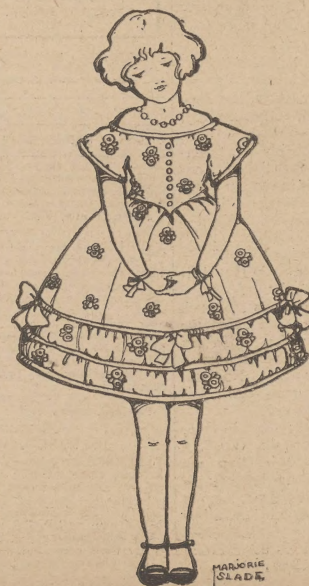
of canary seed through which roamed a crowd of ferocious animals borrowed from the Noah's Ark!

Instead of throwing away the top of a carrot or beet, place it with a little water in a saucer. In a short time it will have grown a tuft of dainty leaves.

Sturdy we oak trees can be grown by half-burying acorns in a mixture of charcoal and small pebbles, and this same mixture is also excellent for growing snowdrops, crocus and scillas. Branches of lilac, almond or wild cherry may be forced into flower by putting them in water in a dark, airy place for a few weeks. (It is important to see that the woody stems are scraped free from bark.) Then bring them into a warm room, and your house will be gay with spring flowers.

The simplest kind of indoor garden is a shallow bowl filled with moss. If you place the moss on a foundation of damp sand you can make the most charming forest imaginable by adding sprigs of evergreens, such as yew, bay, fir or box; the sand will keep these upright.

What fun it would be to give a nursery indoor garden-party. Tell your small guests to arrive in washable overalls and offer a prize to the one who displays the most ingenuity and originality. The children will love the idea for its novelty.







Mr. Gwilym Evans as Napoleon in the film version which is being made of the popular drama "A Royal Divorce."



Miss Muriel Pope, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Clifford Mollison. They met while acting in "A Safety Match."

## GERMAN AIRCRAFT.

**Censorship Curiousities—Romance of Trafford Park—Society Caretakers.**

FLYING MEN ARE SHOWING great interest in the Dornier monoplane, the first German machine seen at Croydon since the war. It is revolutionary in design, metal foil being used instead of fabric, and the fuselage, wings, rudders and elevators being constructed of steel tubing. It is a very economical machine to run, for although the engine is only a 185-h.p. B. M. W., it carried six passengers at 105 miles an hour.

### Have They Tricked Us?

The Allied restrictions have caused the Germans to experiment very successfully with low-power engines. An Air Ministry official told me yesterday that no single-seater civil machine must possess more than a 60-h.p. engine, while no machine must be built capable of lifting more than 1,500 lb. Oil and petrol capacity is restricted to a five-hours continuous flight. The German machine is an advance in aircraft construction. Have brains found a way round the restrictions?

### Manchester to Moscow.

One of the German passengers is Mr. O. J. Merckel, the president of the German Aero Union. In company with directors of the Deutsche Luftreederei (a combine which is backed by the Hamburg-America Steamship Company and Herr Stinnes), he has come over to negotiate with the Deimler Air Line for a through service to Berlin. There are networks of airways in Germany, including lines to Moscow and Riga, and if negotiations are completed it will be possible to fly direct from Manchester to the Baltic Sea.

### The Season.

People are asking what the Season of 1923 will be like. Nobody, of course, expects London to recover socially very rapidly after Christmas, but the last few days of the month should see things brighten up in anticipation of the opening of Parliament, and if the political horizon clears the Season should be a good one, judged by post-war standards. The brilliant seasons as we knew them up to the July of 1914 are not coming again—yet.

### February Courts?

If the first two Courts are held in February, people will then begin to flock back to London, and entertaining goes on as a matter of course. The Season would then proceed merrily until July, for in pre-war days even Lent proved no real obstacle to the social round.

### Aristocratic Caretakers.

Yesterday the Hon. Juliet Gardner was advertising her willingness to "caretake" a town house for the winter, and only last week Lord Stourton's sister intimated a similar desire. What will the regular caretakers have to say about this?

### For Various Purposes!

There seems to be a dearth of possible tenants for the Earl of Dartmouth's fine mansion in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, for the announcement that it would be let "for business purposes" having evidently not proved sufficiently attractive, now the halls and galleries would be let "temporarily"!



Earl of Dartmouth.

### Rickety!

People are shy of taking over the big houses of Mayfair which are very expensive to keep up. Mayfair is mainly old. Some of the houses in Berkeley-square, for instance, are very rickety. Lord Queensborough has recently had to have the floors of his house relaid.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### Trafford Park.

Trafford Park, that lordly demesne near Manchester, where the deer roamed at will over meadow-land studded with virgin woods, was owned by the De Trafford family in an unbroken line for nearly 1,000 years. In 1896 the reigning family bowed before the advancing tide of commerce, and the Manchester Ship Canal now passes their front door! The park has become a vast depot of commerce at the gateway of the Empire. The romantic story of this development is told in an artistic book issued by the company.

### Lancashire's "Fighting Man."

The development of the Trafford Park estates is mainly due to Marshall Stevens, a remarkable personality, who is known as the "fighting man" of Lancashire. When Manchester decided to break the shackles which bound the city to Liverpool, Stevens was one of the first to be called in. When the Ship Canal—which gives Manchester separate access to the sea—materialised, he was appointed manager. He is the sole survivor of the committee of pioneers who gathered in the house of Daniel Adamson in 1882 and pledged themselves to convert Manchester into a maritime town.

### Art of Make-Up.

Employers of women have once more been censuring their habit of "making-up" their faces. Those of them whose countenances aroused the outcry must have been making-up very unskillfully. In this, as in other matters, the highest art is to conceal art, and so give neither employers nor other people anything to talk about.

### Theatrical Partnership Ends.

I hear that those well-known theatrical managers, Andre Charlot and Paul Murray, have dissolved partnership. They had several successes, but "Dede" at the Garrick did not repeat its Paris triumph. Mr. Murray is now interested in the Golders Green Hippodrome, which has reverted to high-class variety, and will be run on the lines of a West End music-hall.



Mrs. Charlot.

### Revue Intime.

Mr. Charlot, in addition to his interests at the Prince of Wales, Vaudeville and Garrick Theatres, is taking over the Court, where he will present a new type of intimate revue. He and Mrs. Charlot, whose portrait I give, have just returned from Davos, where they have been staying with the Earl of Lathom. She is a shrewd critic and has definite ideas on stage dresses.

### A George Moore Play.

George Moore's play, "The Coming of Gabrielle," is, I hear, to be produced for a limited number of performances at a West End theatre in March. Mr. Leon M. Lion is the producer. The play has already been published privately.

### Lady Mary Egerton's Wedding.

Lady Mary Egerton is having a really rushed wedding, and her engagement to Mr. R. B. Boyd was announced to her friends at the same time as the date of the wedding itself—which is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 11th inst. As the bride's mother, Mariota Countess of Wilton, is ill in Africa, Lady Mary and her husband are going out there to pay her a visit directly after the wedding.

### Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Lady Mary will be having half a dozen bridesmaids, and it is intended to dress them all in grey and silver; while the bride's gown will be the white of tradition without any of the gold or silver embellishments which have been so noticeable at several recent weddings.

### To-morrow's Wedding.

Miss Lorna Campbell, who is to be married on Thursday to Captain W. H. Smith at St. Mark's, North Audley-street, is following the prevailing custom and will not have any presents on view at the reception. This, by the way, will be given at 23, Eccleston-square, which Rhoda Countess of Carlisle is lending, as the bride and her parents live in a flat in Evelyn Mansions, which would not be big enough.

### Censorship Absurdity.

"Polly" is said to have been banned by the Censor of the period for insufficient reasons; but that has happened to many plays. One of our Censors once took exception to a farce because it contained the word "gammon," and he "had a friend of that name in Hampshire."

### Things to Hush Up!

Hardly less absurd was the action of the Austrian Censor who refused to allow a comedy to be produced because it represented a nobleman marrying a gardener's daughter. "Such catastrophes," he wrote, in announcing his decision, "unfortunately do occur in real life, but that is no reason why they should be represented on the stage."

### A Highly-Fashionable Vice.

In France, Flaubert fell under the ban of the Censor; and some of the passages which roused the ire of that functionary are curious. He compelled the author to excise, among other things, a statement that the girls brought up at the most fashionable schools in Paris were bad at spelling.

### Gilbert's Indecorous Line.

W. S. Gilbert, when making a speech at Harrow School, once told his hearers that Harrow was the only place in which any line which he had written had ever been vetoed as indecorous. The censor on that occasion was the headmaster, Dr. Butler. One of the lines in "The Palace of Truth," which was being played at the school, ran: "Meet me outside the garden gate at nine o'clock to-night." Dr. Butler ran his pen through the words and substituted "at three o'clock this afternoon."

### Augustus John's Resolutions.

I asked Mr. Augustus John whether he had made any New Year resolutions and he said: "I have made certain resolutions which I think it inadvisable to reveal, lest they prove impossible to keep." Mr. John is at present staying at Bournemouth.



The Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Rev. W. S. Swayne, who is seriously indisposed.



The Hon. Mrs. Rezinah Coventry, whose husband has just been knighted.

### Single-Line Poems.

I am reminded by a correspondent that there is another Newdigate poem which owes its success to a single line. In 1845 J. W. Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester, won the Newdigate Prize for a poem on Petra. The poem was of average quality on the whole, but it contained the following couplet:

Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime—  
A rose-red city, half as old as time.

That last line is, perhaps, as beautiful as anything in Keats.

### Fall of the Mighty.

The entrance hall of the poor old Princess' Theatre, in Oxford-street, has been made into a bazaar! I wonder if Charles Kean, Charles Warner and Wilson Barrett have turned in their graves. The last person who considered the old house as a serious proposition was the late B. F. Keith, who aimed to make it a "vaudeville" hall.

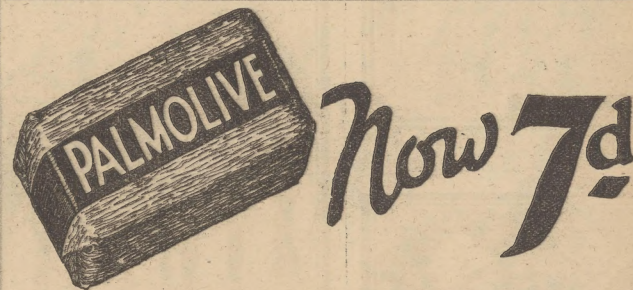
### Springtime in Thanet.

A friend who is spending a short holiday in a Thanet village, writes to say that the weather there is "as soft as June." The wallflowers have not waited for April—their usual month—but are already in full bloom.

### From My Diary.

Let us continue, in spite of all, to act, to love, and to hope, as though we had to do with an ideal humanity. This ideal is only a vaster reality than that which we behold.—  
Maeterlinck.

THE RAMBLER.



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Every woman knows the cleansing and beautifying powers of palm and olive oils.

Since the dawn of history these oils have been used by lovely women to enhance their beauty of complexion and preserve their charms.

The perfect blend of palm and olive oils by modern scientific methods gave to the world the perfect toilet soap—Palmolive—at a price which placed this ancient luxury of the favoured few within the reach of millions.

**PALMOLIVE SOAP**

The perfect blend of Palm and Olive Oils

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The Palmolive Co. (of England), Ltd., 17-19, Great Sutton Street, London, E.C.4

PSG



## LAWN TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA



Miss Doreen Turner-Laing, who is one of the many enthusiastic tennis players on the Riviera, discussing the game at the net during an interval.

## CUPBOARD LOVE



Prince, owned by the daughter of the stationmaster at Reading, accepting a tit-bit from the chef of a dining car which he meets regularly.

## ENGLAND WINS



Left, English three-quarter intercepts a pass in a match at Richmond. Right, tackle.



Lieut. Col. Arthur Erskine, whose appointment as Equerry-in-Waiting to the King is announced.



M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier, is one of the delegation just arrived for the Reparations Conference.



M. Jaspars, the Foreign Minister, is another of the Belgian delegation to the Conference in Paris.



The brothers J. N. and R. H. Lowry, who play an excellent doubles game.



Lady Waverley chatting with a friend. The Duke of Westminster is behind.

Scenes on the courts at the Riviera, where lawn tennis is perhaps the most popular sport with visitors.



WITH THE HOUNDS.—Left to right, the Hon. Paul Knox, his brother, Lord Northland, and Master Peter Graves waiting for the pack to move off at the meet of the Duke of Rutland's hounds held at Long Clawson.



POWDERHALL RACES.—A. Simpson winning his heat in the 130 yards Edinburgh New Year handicap held at Powderhall, Edinburgh. Great interest is being taken in the meeting, the spectators at the opening stages numbering 12,000. The racing was most keen.



BOUND FOR THE STRAITS.—Near East, where there has



AT ST. MORITZ.—Mr. Hub Duggan and his sister, Miss Duggan, children of the Marquis Curzon, enjoying a practice in ship on the ice at St. Moritz.



## INTERNATIONAL



International Rugby match between England and Scotland. England won by 27 points to 14.

## ROYAL FASCIST



The Crown Prince of Italy wearing the black shirt which is the uniform of the Fascisti, the anti-Communist party now dominant in that country.

## IN HONOUR OF THE SEA GOD



Mrs. Neptune and her Court arriving for the celebrations. Feminine characters in the imposing pageant were played by sailors, who revelled in the impersonation.



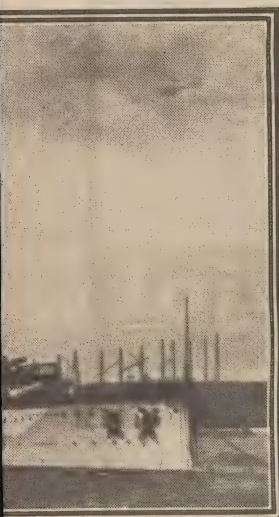
The Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, who has broken a bone in her left arm in a fall at her Palace.



Miss Evelyn Laye, to play the name part in a revival of "The Merry Widow" in London shortly.



Capt. the Hon. Alexander Hardinge is appointed one of the new Equerries-in-Waiting to the King.



Hindustan of India leaving Plymouth for the East among the Mediterranean Fleet.



THE FEMININE TOUCH.—The Cambridge goalkeeper warning her hands in muff during the interval in a women's hockey match played at Cambridge between Cambridge and Norfolk.



NOVEL SPORTS COMBINATION.—Girls of the North-Western University (U.S.A.) rifle team, who have introduced into their practices the novelty of shooting at targets while skating, lined up on the ice while enjoying their newly-devised sport.



AT A GARDEN MEET.—Miss Margaret Bibby, with Colonel Hunt and J. Lewis, the hunt-man, at the meet of the North-Shropshire Foxhounds at Albrighton Hall, near Shrewsbury. Hounds and refreshments vie in claiming attention before the start of the run.



A victim plunging backwards into Neptune's bath to be ducked during the ceremonies aboard H.M.S. Hood when the warship crossed the line. The occasion was one of much merriment.



HER FIRST BRIEF.—Miss Wheeler, a woman barrister of St. Ives, is to make her first appearance at the Huntingdonshire Quarter Sessions in a case concerning the Ouse Drainage Board.







## YOU AND YOUR DOG

### SIMPLE HOME DOCTORING BY THE HOUSEHOLD VET.

THE happiness of a dog depends on his health, which can only be assured by attention to such details as the daily brushing (with an indiarubber brush for preference) and plenty of clean, fresh water put in the same place where he can readily find it.

Remember your friend is dumb and cannot make known his wants.

Water to him is often a very serious need. A clean warm bed to ensure sound sleep is essential. Let the bedding be of straw, which is both warm and clean and has the advantage that it can be frequently renewed.

Small dogs should not be coddled, nor put to sleep in a miniature baby's cradle. A rug or mat placed out of draughts is sufficient if they have been brought up sensibly from puppyhood.

#### NEED FOR DAILY BRUSHING.

A good dog is spoilt in character as well as in health if he is treated as a toy: never allowed to use his brains, or follow his inclinations, but carried continually in the arms, taken to bridge afternoons to pass long hours in a hot room on his foolish mistress' lap and given a saucer of tea as refreshment!

Dogs should be offered nothing but cold water for drink, and all dainties and unnatural food withheld.

The less a dog is bathed the better.

It is not his skin, but his coat, which gets dirty, and that is sufficiently cleansed by his daily brushing.

This brushing should be done thoroughly, as its object is to stimulate the skin as well as freeing the coat from dust.

Be very sparing with disinfectant in his washing; it is not good for him, and if too strong is very harmful. A good dog soap or, better still, a dog shampoo, is all that is necessary.

Like human beings, a dog needs interest in his life. The daily walk should supply this. If he is not taken out on a lead and the "walk" does not consist in loitering in the town with long intervals in shops.

#### CARE IN DOGGY AILMENTS.

Choose sometimes a walk with open spaces, where he can run and enjoy himself. Enjoyment promotes health.

If your dog is not happy (and that you can easily see, as dogs do not disguise their feelings) there is something wrong with him.

A splendid and harmless tonic for any dog, and of course is saccharated carbonate of iron. This can be sprinkled over his food; it is also a check to worms. Half a small teaspoonful is sufficient for a very small dog.

If you feel diffident about treating him yourself get trustworthy advice at once, as it is much easier to cure the beginnings of disease.

Many dogs suffer from ailments which could have been avoided with reasonable care, others with ill which could have been removed by early treatment.

Don't wait till aid is too late, "and the vet's unspoken prescription runs to lethal chambers or loaded guns."

It is not fair to the dog whose "god" you are and whose health, happiness and life depend upon your care.

## Emergency Cupboard

PRIZE FOR BEST MADE-IN-A-MINUTE DISH.

HAVE you an Emergency Cupboard in your kitchen, and, if so, what secrets can it tell?

How many times have its tinmed and bottled contents tided you over what might have been a very embarrassing situation?

You know the nerve-shattering moments I mean, when the unexpected dinner guest is wiping his boots in the hall and you are tearing out your hair in the kitchen!

Your husband's bland and confident "I've brought old John home to dinner, dear. I know you can 'toss up' something for us," sends you flying in a panic to the larder.

Here you are confronted by the uninspiring sight of a tin of sardines with the top layer gone, one seedy-looking tomato, a joint from which all jauntiness has fled and a limp rasher or two of bacon. The entire and noble contents lie impassively before you!

It hadn't mattered really in the ordinary way, because the stores hamper was due to-morrow, and to-night you had meant to inveigle husband into the little restaurant opposite for the evening meal.

Now you are faced with a hungry, confident husband and "old John" putting on his before-dinner cigarette and sniffing expectantly.

Well, their belief in you must be justified at all costs. John has no doubt been hearing

## Dress Peeps from Paris

HOW THE SMART WORLD DRESSES, DANCES AND DINES.

ONE is a little surprised, perhaps, if one visits the theatre in the evening, to see a Parisienne who was clad in the most elaborate robes at five in the afternoon, attired in the plainest of frocks at eight o'clock.

But the quaint French rule is that one does not dress for the theatre, unless one is dancing or supping somewhere chic afterwards. One wears the plainest of little dinner frocks with a smart hat and a lovely wrap. Plain black chiffon velvet, gauged and corded from

terrifically high collar to short flaring hem-line may one's little theatre wrap be on the outside, but when it's opened some bizarre lining, such as silver tissue striped with black in four-inch stripes, may be revealed!

#### FENCE COLLARS.

These fence collars are all that matter on one's evening wrap. Sometimes they are made of the most realistic flowers. A lovely ingenué at Claridge's the other night wore the simplest of white frocks, but her neck and shoulders were walled round with red roses. Her deep crimson cloak had an eight-inch collar massed with them, while inside it was entirely lined with flat white chiffon ones.

#### ONLY THE BEST.

But if one is not theatre-bent, if one means to dine at that scene of Oriental splendour on the Champs-Élysées, the Alcazar, or at discreet and exclusive Claridge's, or at the flamboyant and imperial Ritz, or at the Maurice (where one will certainly meet all one's English friends), or anywhere else that is expensive and interesting, the very best that hangs in one's wardrobe will probably be not quite good enough.

on the way home. "Oh! my wife's a marvel. You see, she'll have a ripping little dinner waiting for us, and be over so pleased."

Marvel or no marvel, it's been up to you not to disappoint them, hasn't it?

So tell us how you rose to the emergency that every housewife knows.

Tell us the best made-in-a-minute dish you ever evolved. Tell us—roughly—what it cost and how long it took to prepare and set before the unexpected guest.

For the best emergency dish sent in stating clearly the materials that were at hand (no running to the grocer's round the corner to supplement your store) and the time it took to make, we offer a prize of £2 2s., while to the second best £1 1s. will be awarded.

When writing your Emergency Cupboard Confession you need

not confine your description (which, by the way, should be as brief as possible) to one dish only. You can submit an entire made-in-a-minute menu if you like, or just one or two dishes.

"Confessions" must reach this office not later than the first post on Friday morning—any subsequent arrivals will not be considered—and the result of the competition will be announced in Monday's issue of *The Daily Mirror*.

The decision of the Editress must be considered final.

PHILLIDA.



The newest theatre caps are close-fitting affairs of net in flesh-pink or palest mauve, embroidered in silver and pearl.

GORGEOUS, eccentric, wonderful, are the Parisienne's full-dress frocks in this year of grace. Chéruit, who has a far-reaching influence, has inspired a return to Orientalism, and one is assailed by black-haired hours swathed in metal tissues of marvellous design—one I saw showed twined green serpents on a gold ground! Rolled hip belts as thick as ships' cables twine round the hips, but the waists above them are well defined. The skirts, hugely full, reach to the ground—others, ridiculously narrow, drape up on one hip and drop long fishtails!

#### LACE VOGUE.

And then there is a vogue for dead white lace, crinolined, with black velvet roses at the hips; and a vogue for poppy-red, gorgeously beaded in Egyptian patterns; and a vogue for black velvet slashed with silver.

#### STRANGE DEVICES.

And a vogue for a thousand other strange devices which one does not seem to see in the sweet sobriety of an English ballroom, but one has not time to write of them all because one must hurry out to that fascinating—and criminally expensive—little shop in the Rue St. Honoré, where all the very newest things are to be seen and bought!

D. B.

## SOMETHING NOVEL.

TEMPTING LITTLE DISHES THAT THE AMERICAN JILL MAKES.

IT is Jack's privilege to build the house. At all events, the old nursery rhyme tells us so, but it is Jill who has the sole prerogative of creating all those tempting little dishes to occupy the larder in the house.

The only trouble is that Jill hasn't always an inexhaustible supply of new tempting little dishes to draw from, and Jack, after a while, is apt to get strangely discontented with the ones that she does know how to make.

An American, full of my acquaintance sent me some original ideas the other day on the subject; some of them her own and some which she had cajoled from a dear old black "mammy" who had presided over the kitchen in her parents' house ever since she could remember.

That old Southern mammy's recipe for "Johnny Cake" certainly sounds good.

There are needed 3 eggs, 1 pint of milk, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, 1 pint of maize meal, a teaspoonful of salt and 2oz. of melted butter.

Beat the eggs well, add to them the milk and meal, beating all the time. Then add the other ingredients, put into well buttered shallow baking tins and bake for thirty minutes in a quick oven.

And who could resist the sound of a dish of bananas, baked in the Virginian fashion?

#### SWEET POTATOES AND BUTTER.

The method is to take half a dozen sound bananas, slice them lengthways and place in a well buttered pie dish; sprinkle with cinnamon, nutmeg, the juice of a lemon and fine castor sugar. Place several generous sized lumps of butter on the top and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

Sweet potatoes, delicious though they be, are something of an acquired taste. It would, however, make a pleasing variety in the daily menu, were the housewife to take home a tin of these (they can be purchased very cheaply at any grocer's), boil them till tender, and serve with hot melted butter.

No Jill's cookery book is complete without a recipe for that famous American sweetmeat—Fudge, and for the old-fashioned plain kind it would be hard to beat the following method:—

The ingredients are—1lb. unsweetened chocolate, two teaspoonful of castor sugar, one pint of milk, 1oz. of butter and a few drops of vanilla essence.

It is best to use a double cooker. Melt the chocolate over the fire, add sugar and milk, and allow to boil rapidly, without stirring, until a small portion, when dropped into a glass of cold water, will form a ball. Then add butter and flavouring, beat well and pour into shallow, well-greased tins.

When cool, cut into squares as desired.

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# PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

## A THRILLING AFTERNOON.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

We had a very interesting afternoon to-day—that is, Bendy, our pretty little girl neighbour, and, of course, the pets. We called on a clown in his private home and had tea with him, and found that he was even funnier there than on the stage or at the circus! Also, we discovered that he really loves sausages and has them for almost every meal.

Joey—the clown's name—must have known we were coming, for when we arrived he was wearing his usual clown's costume and his face was coated with chalk. "Here we are again!" he

He felt in one of Joey's pockets and brought out yards and yards of sausages!

Of course, as you may have guessed, it was all make-believe and nobody was more astonished than Bendy and the pets when the clown took them to another room to have a real tea with his wife and his own little boys and girls!

Your affectionate  
Uncle Dick.

## OUR "WILFRED LEAGUE."

LETTERS are beginning to reach me—or rather Uncle Sandy—by every post about the suggested "Wilfred League" which, as you probably know, is briefly described on the last page of the "Pip and Squeak Annual."

Boys and girls are asked to suggest "mottos" and "rules" for the League and some very amusing and interesting ideas have been sent

## HOW TO FEED ARCHIBALD.

A Few Kind Hints from the Insect House at the Zoo.

LAST week I told you about Archibald, the adventurous young red and white caterpillar who travelled all the way from Capetown to Ventnor, Isle of Wight, in some lilies called Chinchinchees. He now belongs to a niece of mine whose name is Ella, and she is rather puzzled about his food.

Lucky, news of Archibald reached the Insect House, at the Zoo, and I have just received this letter, which I hope Ella will read—

"Uncle Dick,—Would you mind passing the enclosed information on to Ella? The above house has at the present time eighteen of Archibald's relatives, who arrived here via Capetown and lilies a few weeks ago.

"We tried them on rose leaves, lettuce and iris. They refused the first two, and are now doing quite well on lettuce. They should also do well on any of the lily family, providing there is plenty of sap. They make quite a burrow in the sap of the iris leaves. They also require plenty of moisture. I have often watched them having a drink after their usual morning spray.

"The Natural History Museum has only two specimens of this moth—both ladies. If Ella is successful enough to carry Archibald through—provided, of course, he belongs to the family—I mean she couldn't do better than present him to the Museum.

"Archibald's correct name is Lily Moth (Diaphone cunela).

"Thank you, Insect House, for your kind advice. I hope Ella will feed Archibald on lilies, so that he will grow up into a handsome Lily Moth and be a credit to his family.

OTHER LETTERS.—

Other letters concerning pets have reached me during the week. Here I have answered them as best I can—but I am afraid that I am not a vet, so I can't give you advice on every subject.

Kenneth Cummings.—Pip is very sorry to hear that your puppy Peter has a bad cold. I shouldn't worry about him, but, if he doesn't get better in a week, I should just trot him round to a veterinary hospital or to some dog-fancier. (I will think over your suggestion for next year, Kenneth.)

Mabel; Norwood.—You mustn't smack your kitten for tearing up the valerian plant in the garden. For some reason cats are very fond of this plant, and they will roll over on it and scratch it—just to show their affection!

ROUND-THE-FIRE STORIES

THE teacher was telling his class what the world was composed of. "Tommy, you are not listening!" he cried suddenly. "What does land and water make?"

"Mud" was Tommy's instant reply.

"I don't like nurse," sobbed little Mabel. "She—she makes me go to bed when I'm not sleepy, and wants me to get up when I am!"

Grandpa had been to the cinema for the first time in his life. "Ah, these are wonderful times, sure enough," he said on his return. "But I fear I'm getting deaf in me old age. Bless my soul, all the time I was there I couldn't hear a word they was saying."

"Whatever are those fishes in the tin, Jaddie?" asked little Willie at breakfast. "They're sardines, sonny," was the reply. "They live in the sea, and sometimes larger fish will chase them and eat them up."

"Not really!" gasped Willie. "Why, daddy, however, do the larger fish manage to open the tins?"

"What does 'behead' mean, mummie?" asked Rupert, looking up from his history book. "It means to cut off a man's head," answered mummie.

"Oh, I see! Then," added Rupert, "defeat means to cut off a man's feet!"



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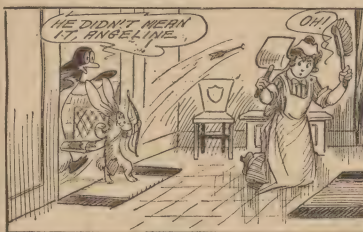
## WILFRED BREAKS ALL HIS 1923 GOOD RESOLUTIONS



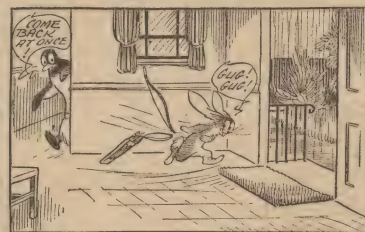
1. Our little rabbit started off the day by getting up much later than usual.



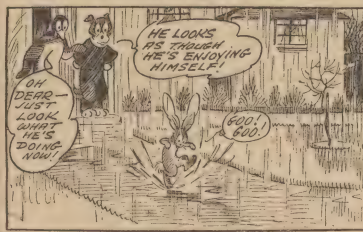
2. Instead of coming to breakfast with a "happy smile," he scowled and banged his tea-cup.



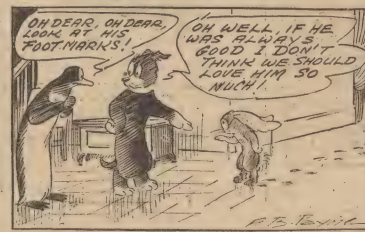
3. Then he greatly startled Angeline by shooting at her with his toy bow and arrow.



4. After that, naughtier than ever, he ran off into the garden—strictly against the rules.



5. Here, on the muddy path, he made "mud-pies" with his little paws.



6. Coming into the house, he left a trail of mud behind him. And yet Pip took his part!

eried, jumping up and down with delight as we entered. "Come in! Come and make yourself at home! We've got sausages for tea!"

Bendy and the pets were too thrilled for words. They had often wondered what clowns were like in their own homes, and here was one just as funny and light-hearted as when at the circus. "It is really true then," stammered Bendy. "You are fond of sausages!"

"Fond of them?" screamed Joey. "I simply love them. I'll tell you a secret—I got a long string of them from the butcher's this morning. He, he, he—I didn't buy them!"

"Didn't buy them?" asked Bendy. "Sh!—the man wasn't looking! I simply couldn't help taking them. I know it was wicked of me. I thought they would do nicely for our tea to-day. Oh dear, what was that? Did you hear a footstep on the stairs?"

Coming up the stairs was the tramp, tramp of heavy boots. Bendy peeped out. "I say," she cried, "there's a policeman coming up!"

"A policeman?" squawked Joey, shaking all over. "Oh, don't say! It is a policeman! Oh, what shall I do! Hide me somebody, hide me!" The policeman came in and chased poor Joey all over the place under the table, over the chairs and at last caught him by the fireplace.

in. For instance, Margaret Johnston, of Hampstead, suggests that the motto should be "Wilfred for ever," while another Hampstead reader—a boy I think—thinks that "Swear not to minding" would be a good watchword for the members.

Other suggested mottos are as follow:—

"Always be merry and bright."—Ralph Tory.

"Be true to Wilfredites."—Rose Pontis.

"Always be kind to animals and never ill-treat them."—Angela Forbes.

"Stick up for Wilfred."—Freda Smyth.

Rather a flattering rule suggested by Honor Baker is that boy members of the League should try and grow up as nice an uncle as Uncle Dick!

Thank you very much, Honor!

All letters sent by children to "Uncle Sandy" about the League are now being considered and fine prizes for the best letters will be shortly awarded. I also hope that every letter will in time receive a personal reply from myself.

## RIDDLES FOR YOUR PARTY.

What town should float very well?—Cork. What town makes the best butter?—Coves. When is a chair ill-treated?—When it is caned and sat on.

Why is a horse like a kind man?—Because he stops at the sound of "woe."

Why is a dog with a bad foot like a boy adding up?—Because he puts down three and carries one.



Joey, junior.



## HEREFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY INQUEST



Hilda Buckridge, the four-year-old daughter of the younger woman, who is said to have been a witness of the tragedy, with the Congregational minister who is looking after her, and Miss Eliza Howell, Mrs. Sainsbury's sister, who was a witness at the inquest. Inset is George Buckridge, the younger woman's husband.



Mrs. Sainsbury was found dead.



Mrs. Buckridge died of wounds.

An inquest has been opened at Pembridge and adjourned till to-morrow on Mrs. Sainsbury and her adopted daughter, Mrs. Buckridge, who have died of revolver wounds. The younger woman's husband has been remanded on a murder charge.



**YOUTHFUL HUNT FOLLOWERS.**—Betty and Joan Rigden, the two young daughters of Captain and Mrs. Charles Rigden, at the meet of the Tickham Foxhounds.



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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**A** LADY'S Free Booklet sent on Permanent Hair Wave at home.—Cable, 5, Blenheim-st., Bond-st., W. 1.  
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**C**ARNIVAL Novelties.—Paper hats, rattles, streamers, balloons, and all novelties for dances, parties, etc.; send for list.—Gray, 12, Lauderdale-rd., Maida Vale, London, W. 9.  
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# THE WAY OF SACRIFICE

By E. ALMAZ STOUT

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MRS. WOOD, an invalid, not likely to live much longer, is very anxious for her daughter Primrose to marry Sir Stanley Bircham, the Squire of Whitcomb.

To her delight the two have been agreed to, and, other, so that the announcement of their engagement is expected.

But Helen Dale, a wonderfully beautiful girl, appears on the scene and to Mrs. Wood's dismay, sweeps Sir Stanley right off his feet. Mrs. Wood discovers that Sir Stanley is in love—temporarily—at any rate with Helen, and for her daughter's sake she determines to make Helen Dale go away before it is too late.

Primrose.

She begs her to do this, but the girl refuses. Then Mrs. Wood tells her an amazing story of how Primrose's father went to goal for theft to save Garth Dale, Helen's father. The latter had been too cowardly to admit his guilt.

At first Helen refuses to believe the story, but Mrs. Wood has convincing proof of it in the form of a letter. At last the elder woman states her terms. "It is your happiness against Primrose's," she says. "Give her back her lover, and not a word of what I have told you shall pass my lips again. If you don't, all the world shall know your father for the thief and coward he is!"

Helen decides, after a big struggle, to sacrifice her happiness in order to save her father from disgrace. She writes a letter to Sir Stanley which gives the impression that she can never really care for him.

Mrs. Wood dies, but not before she has seen Primrose married to Sir Stanley, whose proposal was accepted chiefly by sympathy.

As the time goes by Primrose begins to realise that her husband does not really love her. Definite proof of this is forthcoming in some remarks by Helen Dale, which Primrose overhears.

Colonel Wynne, a friend of Stanley's, visits Whitcomb Court. On first seeing Primrose and before he knows who she is he falls desperately in love with her.

George West, who makes his living out of blackmail, knows that Primrose's father is a gambler. He visits her at Whitcomb and threatens to tell the story to Sir Stanley unless Primrose introduces him as an old friend of hers.

Primrose decides to leave Whitcomb. To her unpleasant surprise she meets West in the house of a Mrs. Tufnell, where she has taken a room.

Stanley calls to see Helen and there is a dramatic interview, at the end of which they find themselves in each other's arms.

## NOVICE'S LUCK.

FOR seconds that might have been minutes or hours—they had both lost all count of time—Helen lay still in Stanley's arms a veritable intoxication of happiness sweeping over her.

"Oh, Stanley, Stanley, I love you!" she cried, as she clung to him.

Then, her eyes alight with the love she must for ever deny, she drew herself away, slowly, reluctantly, tasting to the last moment the joy of his touch.

Stanley's arms dropped suddenly to his side, as realisation came to him.

"What have I done? What have I done?" he said, in a low, dazed voice. He looked at her, his honest blue eyes full of shame. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"You are not to blame. I had just decided never to see you again. And then—you came. The rest was my fault."

"No, no! But why had you decided not to see me again?"

"Don't! The last few minutes supply the reason?" she said significantly. "I knew that I couldn't trust myself."

"Then—then why did you write as you did last week?" His face was full of bewilderment.

"Don't ask me, Stanley. It's no good going back. We are bound to look forward now—for Primrose's sake, for our own honour."

"You are quite right, Helen. I ought not to have asked. I suppose I had better go."

"Yes, Stanley. And it must be good-bye. You are not often in London—we are not likely to meet again. If we do, it will be by chance, and we shall meet as strangers. Good-bye, Stanley!"

He gave her one last look, and she smiled bravely at him. Then the door closed behind him and he was gone.

The second time Primrose went into the card-room she was not content with watching. She asked Mrs. Tufnell if anyone would mind her joining in the play.

Certainly not, if you play during the earlier part of the evening. Later on they are rather too many for the tables. Besides, the play gets very high about midnight. We are doing so well with our members that we shall probably have a second room soon, and am not over-keen, as if we have too many visitors attention is more likely to be drawn to us."

"And should you mind?"

Lizzie Tufnell gave an uncomfortable little laugh.

"Well, you know, the authorities don't really allow baccarat to be played. It's very absurd, of course, but there it is. And I don't want any fuss."

"I see. Perhaps, then, I had better not play," Primrose replied doubtfully. As a matter of fact, she had the card instinct, and had inherited her father's natural love of gambling.

After he had left prison he had never touched cards again. All his high liking and tastes seemed to have been wiped out. But by nature he was a gambler.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

This instinct was in Primrose's blood, but, as nothing had ever called it out before, she had been ignorant of it. However, it had been aroused by the sight of the play on her first visit to the card-room.

Accordingly, when a few of the guests arrived Mrs. Tufnell suggested they should begin, and that her friend, "Mrs. Wood," should take a seat at the table.

Primrose was wearing a black dress with wing sleeves that veiled, without concealing, the alabaster whiteness of her shoulders and arms. Her dark hair was coiled simply in a great knot in the nape of her neck and rippled away in big waves from her low forehead.

There was a faint glow in her cheeks, brought there by excitement. Those who had hardly glanced at her when she had been in the room the week before looked at her in surprise. Who was this quite lovely, delicate-looking young woman, whom Mrs. Tufnell called "a friend?"

The game that evening was the chemin-de-fer variation of baccarat, which they always played in the earlier part of the evening.

Mrs. Tufnell supplied Primrose with a handful of "chips," taking note of the number, and told her she could play for them either later in the evening or the next day.

She intended to keep an eye on the girl's play, and, if she saw she was losing much, determined to find some excuse to stop her.

But Primrose had the novice's luck.

On the first occasion that she was "banker" she won three consecutive times, and then she said to the man sitting in the place to her left, "Shall I stop?"

"No, no; certainly not!" he replied. "Follow your luck."

Primrose dealt the cards from the "shoe," and again she won.

"Bravo!" said the man under his breath. "Go on."

Primrose smiled. The subtle fascination of gambling was working. She played again with varying success, and at the end of an hour left off, winning roughly twenty pounds.

As she got up from the table to give her place to an old habitué she came face to face with

business man with no time to waste. In his own house he had been West's host, and the caller quickly felt the difference.

However, he was prepared for the change. "Quite so," he said. "But I hope you will be good enough to give me time to make my scheme clear to you."

"He proceeded to unfold it, showing drawings and designs of an elaborate canal system which, he said, would revolutionise trading and bring in vast returns to the original promoters."

Long before West had finished, however, Mr. Dale said crisply:—

"Sorry, Mr. West, but it's not the least in my line. It won't only be wasting your time and mine to go further into it."

"I'm sorry"—West did not like the peremptory tone—"but I think you said you could probably help me by suggesting the names of men who might be of a different opinion from yourself."

"I may have said so. That was before I knew the nature of your scheme. Now I am afraid I know of no one likely to help you."

He sat up straight, as if expecting West to take the hint and go.

## WEST'S TRUMP CARD.

WEST leant back in his chair. He wanted money badly. He meant to get it if he could.

"What you say is a great disappointment. You admit it is a good scheme," Dale conceded; "but you have a lot of work to do before you could hope to finance it. Your concessions are not absolutely guaranteed."

Garth Dale was known as a hard man in the City. The side of his nature that he showed his daughter was utterly different from the side he showed the business world.

"Then you can't help me at all?" West said, rolling up his maps and designs.

"Not in any way, Mr. West."

West was very deliberate. He always was when preparing one of the bombs that had burst so many family cupboards, permitting the skeleton to appear.

"Of course, I am sorry. I had hoped that you might have been willing to help me, since we both had a mutual friend. You knew him in England as Mr. Richard Broadwood; I knew him in New Zealand as Mr. Richard Wood."

Every drop of blood seemed to drain from Garth Dale's face.

The spectre of the past was approaching him— from another quarter.

He moistened his lips before he answered.

"Really, Mr. West, I am sorry to disappoint you on another point. But I have no recollection of Mr. Richard Broadwood or Mr. Richard Wood. I fear you have been misinformed."

"I don't think so."

West leant back a little more casually. He had not been wrong. Dale's ashen face and hands tightly clenched on the arms

of his chair gave him away. "I was present at the trial of Richard Broadwood, though I never spoke to him till many years after, when he was living in New Zealand as Richard Wood. But if ever I saw a man convicted who carried innocence in his face, it was Broadwood."

"I am sure it is very interesting to hear your opinion of a trial that took place twenty-five years ago, but—"

"Ah!" West interrupted quickly. "Then you do remember the trial of your friend, since you recollect the very year in which it happened?"

Garth had had time to recover. "My friend?" he repeated. "I have already told you I never knew a man called Broadwood."

But I have no recollection of Mr. Richard Broadwood or Mr. Richard Wood. I fear you have been misinformed."

"Yes, a lot of interest was aroused," West said deliberately, "because the crime for which he was condemned could only have been committed by two men, either by Broadwood or by a man called Garth Dale. An unusual name, is it not?"

"There were people at the time who were convinced Broadwood was innocent, in spite of his confession, and I am obviously boring you, so I will say good afternoon. But I shall call again, and I shall hope that it may be just possible you will give me a different answer."

All I want for the moment is five thousand pounds. A small sum for a rich man! I feel sure you will reconsider your decision. Good-day."

And, with a jaunty air, George West left the office, while Garth Dale sat still in his chair, his heart filled with a deadly fear.

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.

## Wave Your Hair Yourself in Ten Minutes!

Just try this easy way of waving hair. See how simple and quick it is. No heat! No electric current required! Just slip the hair into a West Electric Hair Curler. Then in ten or fifteen minutes you have a beautiful wave such as you would expect only from an expert hairdresser. The West Electric Hair Curler is magnetic. It can't burn, cut, break, or catch the hair. No hinges, no rubber to perish, nothing to get out of order, made of electrified steel, nickel-plated, smooth as silk all over. Simplicity itself, and guaranteed to last a lifetime. Just try this wonderful curler. We refund money cheerfully if you are not satisfied. But we know that once you see for yourself how simply and beautifully the West Electric waves hair you will never be without them.

(See genuine within the disc contact)

## WEST ELECTRIC Hair Curlers

Sold for your accommodation and convenience by an increasing number of good drapers, hairdressers, chemists, stores, etc. The name West Electric is a protection against spurious imitations that have not been electrically tested, tempered and electrified, and have not the double electric disc. If you desire a sample obtainable send 1/- (Postal Order preferred) to the sample station, disc card of 4 with instructions and leaflet on conditions affecting all accessories. Detach now to save forgetting. Dealers write for ready or a hair curler with an accompanying Market. WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER Co., Dept. 1, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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## CURE YOUR CATARRH

To allow the miseries of Catarrh and its symptoms to spoil your happiness; to think because you've tried a few nasal douches or common cough syrups that you've done all you can is folly. Catarrh (like a common cold) is due to germs. You must actually reach these germs if you wish to destroy them. Catarrh or colds will then worry you no more. To do this saturate a lump of sugar with about eight drops of pure (undiluted) Bitrate of Tar and dissolve slowly in the mouth. Catarrh simply CANNOT resist the pungent pine fumes thus developed; from the first dose the "swallowing" becomes less pronounced, and the harsh, hot dryness in the throat soothes down. Soon the trouble is gone completely, leaving you surprised and delighted that a small outlay at the chemist's could bring you such entire relief. (Advt.)

## CHILBLAINS

NEW-SKIN is the best thing known; prevents breaking and itching cures. Also for chaps, cuts, scurvy, scratches, etc. Bring it on and forget them. Won't wash off; can wash over it. Antiseptic. Small tins, 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 9/-, 10/-, 11/-, 12/-, 13/-, 14/-, 15/-, 16/-, 17/-, 18/-, 19/-, 20/-, 21/-, 22/-, 23/-, 24/-, 25/-, 26/-, 27/-, 28/-, 29/-, 30/-, 31/-, 32/-, 33/-, 34/-, 35/-, 36/-, 37/-, 38/-, 39/-, 40/-, 41/-, 42/-, 43/-, 44/-, 45/-, 46/-, 47/-, 48/-, 49/-, 50/-, 51/-, 52/-, 53/-, 54/-, 55/-, 56/-, 57/-, 58/-, 59/-, 60/-, 61/-, 62/-, 63/-, 64/-, 65/-, 66/-, 67/-, 68/-, 69/-, 70/-, 71/-, 72/-, 73/-, 74/-, 75/-, 76/-, 77/-, 78/-, 79/-, 80/-, 81/-, 82/-, 83/-, 84/-, 85/-, 86/-, 87/-, 88/-, 89/-, 90/-, 91/-, 92/-, 93/-, 94/-, 95/-, 96/-, 97/-, 98/-, 99/-, 100/-.

## NEW-SKIN



Also ran: Blue Anchor, Manrico (4-1), Obelisk, Mem Sahib, Simon's Mount and Leighlin Bridge (10-1). Eight bad. (Sanday.)



## ENGLAND CRICKETERS TURN "RED."

How Fender Lost His Hat in a Dust Storm.

## MACAULAY FINDS FORM

JOHANNESBURG, December 12, 1922.

During the thirty-seven days the M.C.C. have been in South Africa they have experienced very mixed weather conditions. After more or less temperate conditions in Capetown, semi-tropical weather was associated with the visit to Oudtshoorn, and then came a period of almost monsoon character for a couple of weeks.

Torrid heat welcomed the tourists at Kimberley, and at Benoni, twenty miles outside Johannesburg, there was a dust storm encountered. Rain had stopped play at some centres, but light at another, but for players to be driven under shelter by a dust storm was an experience approaching the unique in cricket.

But for the wind plus red dust, England might have snatched an exciting victory at Benoni, when the English were shot 42 runs behind and had lost four wickets. Still, the match was a draw.

It was just as the next batsman was approaching the crease after the fourth wicket had fallen that the wind was blowing a fierce sweep the bare sandy and gritty ground and raised the dust with such force that at once the cricketers turned their backs against the elements.

### DUST STORM'S HAVOC.

So thick was the dust that in a few minutes the cricketers on the field were lost to sight, and when at last they beat a hasty retreat to the dressing-rooms the whole party appeared clothed in brick-dust red instead of spotless white flannels.

Tents were mown down as if they had been mere sheaves of corn. Women's hats, in spite of being so securely fastened for ordinary weather, parted company with their owners, and delicate white frocks soon appeared as though they had been dipped in the dye tub.

A huge luncheon marquee was rent in ribbons and long strips of canvas were seen fluttering in the tempest. And when the wind had subsided and the dust had been all used up dark clouds hovered overhead and there were preparations for a gigantic downpour.

Percy Fender had been wearing a patent felt hat, but where it was carried nobody seems to know. I quite expect that somebody will keep it as a souvenir. Fender and Stevens do not wear white sun-hats, but brown felt trilbies, or something of that style.

It has not been chilly enough except on two occasions for Fender to wear his alarming sweater, but he adopts the Charles Fry cut of cricket bags, and he still wears his tortoiseshell rim.

Fender found a rival at Benoni, for he met the Malvernian, W. F. E. Marx, wearing similar spectacles. Marx, of course, is the left-hand batsman who made such a wonderful debut in first-class cricket in South Africa by scoring over 200 runs in his first Currie Cup match.

### MACAULAY BOWLS WELL.

Fender, after his last-storm experience, is going to take to motor or clogs.

That ground at Benoni was a great big puddle two months ago, and the municipal authorities spent £2,500 on turning the swamp into a tip-top cricket ground, about as large as the Oval at Kennington. That is why Andy Sandham hit up 128 against the East Rand.

George Macaulay struck his best bowling form of the tour. He turned the ball from the off, and it nipped the pitch in its most unexpected manner. Mac had been wondering if he would ever be able to bowl out here, and he was wondering about the next boat back to England.

The cricket at Benoni was provided by fellows who have something to do with getting gold out of the hard rocks in the district, but they didn't bring any nuggets along to the ground with them.

For a purely local side, which the East Rand side was, although it included three internationals—Snook, Ward and Marx—the mining men did very well.

E. W. BALLANTINE.

## SKI RACE AT WENGEN.

Times of Leaders in Oxford and Cambridge Contest.

Official times of the first three in the Oxford and Cambridge ski race at Wengen were: T. Kitchness (Oxford), 1hr. 45s.; Carlton (Oxford), 16m. 50s.; L. G. Dobbs (Cambridge), 17m. 15s.

Other times, says Reuter, were: C. Stand (Oxford), 17m. 38s.; J. Shirley (Cambridge), 20m. 20s.; W. E. Cox (Oxford), 24m. 50s.; W. Maitland (Cambridge), 25m. 40s.; E. Van Milligan (Cambridge), 27m.; and the Hon. O. Farrer (Cambridge), 27m. 20s.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

THE CITY, Tuesday. The Anglo-Persian Oil issue was being underwritten today it will take amount of £50,000 new Ordinary Shares at 3s. and prospectus is expected early next week for existing holders and Burnah Oil shareholders. A Central Argentine issue of £1,000,000 is also expected shortly; also three to five new rubber companies. Rubber Shares are strong again on further rise in the commodity to 1s. 2 1/2d.

Generally the market was weak. Loan was 100d. Dealing started in the new Home Rail Stocks all out of estimates—London N.E. Deferred 30 1/2, Southern Deferred 35 1/2, London Midland 40 1/2. Radios rose sharply to 16s. Courtials strong, 64s. 3d.

## SCOTLAND'S BID.

Table Tennis Enthusiasts North of Tweed.

## ARMY JOINS IN.

Scotland is making a bold bid for supremacy in *The Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships, and the large number of entries received recently from North of the Tweed suggest that it hopes to provide a champion this year.

"We are experiencing a phenomenal rush on table tennis sets just now," write Messrs. Lumley's, Ltd., of 30-32, Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow, and at their request entry forms for the championships have been sent to them for the convenience of local players.

Messrs. Treron, Ltd., of Glasgow, who have provided a free practice centre at their premises, also report an extraordinary demand for the implements of the game.

The Army is taking up table tennis more and more with enthusiasm, and, at the request of the honorary secretary a supply of entry forms has been forwarded to the Imperial Club of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, Aldershot.

Applications are also to hand from members of the United Services Club and the Royal Automobile Club.

London competitors may inspect the two championships cups in the window of the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland-street, W., where they will remain on view for some time. The cups are handsome, valuable trophies, and the productions of the well-known firm of Messrs. D. George Collins, Ltd., Newgate-street, E.C.

In view of the rapid approach of the closing date for entries, intending competitors should write to-day for entry forms, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to: "The Editor, *Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships, 23-29, Bouverie-street, E.C.4.

## 1,500-MILE TRAMP.

Young Englishman's Adventures with Bulgarian Brigands.

After tramping 1,500 miles from Ostend to Constantinople, Mr. Ralph Michaelis, a young journalist, will return to London to-morrow.

Mr. Michaelis crossed into Hungary from Bulgaria at a time when there were no frontier guards, and the countryside was swarming with brigands. He was attacked by two robber bands before reaching Adrianople.

He had with him four pairs of socks, and, he says in a letter to a friend, "by dint of daily washing, never had so much as a hole in them. One pair of boots, too, carried me as far as Adrianople."

## ONCE IN 3 YEARS CHECK

Magistrate Says Army System Is Almost Invitation to Crime.

Sir Lancelot Rolleston, chairman, at the Notts Quarter Sessions, commenting on the manner in which stock is supervised at the Royal Army Ordnance Depot at Chilwell, said the Court thought there was almost criminal lack of supervision.

The case was one in which Albert Edward Hume was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing and receiving 1,835 ounces of platinum wire and 83 machinery parts containing platinum from the depot. Richard Albert Bullock, 31, was sentenced to a similar period for receiving.

An Army officer admitted the stock was checked only once in three years.

The chairman said it was practically inviting crime to allow valuable commodities to be left with such little supervision.

## GIRLS EAT MORE.

Catering Expert Says Child of Eight Is Match for Anyone.

"Little girls eat much more than little boys. A girl of eight is a match for anyone."

This expert opinion on children's appetites was given yesterday by a Sloane-street caterer. The amount they can eat and drink without appearing any the worse is amazing," he added.

Some juvenile customers are very much impressed with their own importance.

The other day, for instance, a boy of seven took his grandfather, just returned from America, to the Juvenile to tea. "Not a bad place, what?" he observed in an astoundingly grown-up way. "It's one of my little 'finds'."

And Mr. Seven-Year-Old paid for the tea himself.

## NEW SCHOOLBOY TERROR

World with No Straight Lines Described as "Fascinating" Subject.

A new terror for schoolboys was revealed yesterday by Mr. W. C. Fletcher at the annual meeting of the Educational Association, at the London Day Training College.

Mr. Fletcher pictured a universe in which there would be no squares or rectangles, no straight lines, but only curves.

"He assured his audience that the study of geometry based on these conditions was extremely fascinating."

## WILL THE ZOO'S BABY BEAR LIVE?

Pneumonia Doom Hangs Over Polar Cub.

## PERFECT MOTHER.

"Mother and child are doing well—so far." It will be observed that the Zoo authorities were inclined to be cautious in their last bulletin issued to *The Daily Mirror* last evening, in connection with Barbara, the polar bear, and her day-old cub.

As a matter of fact, no fears are entertained in regard to Barbara. It is the fate of her cub which is keeping the whole Zoo on tenterhooks. No polar bear has ever been born and reared in captivity. They all seem destined to pass quietly away after two or three days from pneumonia.

It is this haunting nightmare which keeps the officials awake at nights.

### FLUFFY WHITE BALL.

Berenice, as the New Year cub has been tentatively christened, is only a fluffy white ball, about the size of a mastiff puppy. It was squawking so lustily yesterday morning that the whole Zoo thrilled with hopes. As to Barbara, she could scarcely contain her pride. She showed her great teeth in a maternal smile that was diabolical to see.

"Barbara's diet is practically unchanged," said Mr. Pocock, the curator. "Horse fat and codliver oil are her normal foods. During this trying time she is having an extra ration of oil, which she greatly appreciates."

"She makes a perfect mother, I am glad to say. But, with all her care, she may not be able to ward off the illness which carries off newly-born captive cubs."

We hope for the best, of course, but—but—"he concluded pessimistically.

A drizzling rain was falling when the gardens closed and darkness fell. The spectre of pneumonia certainly hovered over the Zoo at that moment.

## BABIES ESCAPE SHOTS.

Court Story of Revolver Struggle in Murder Charge.

The Sunderland tragedy had a sequel yesterday, when Daniel Cassidy, fifty-eight, was remanded on a charge of murdering Bernard Quinn, his son-in-law, by shooting him.

It was stated that James Coggins, a labourer, showed exceptional bravery. He went into the room and disarmed Cassidy and gave him into the charge of a policeman.

Cassidy, who had his head bandaged owing to a blow given him by Coggins with a revolver when struggling together, made no statement yesterday.

Evidence was given that Cassidy went to his son-in-law's house and fired at a family party. Quinn was shot dead and Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. Cassidy, prisoner's wife, sustained bullet wounds.

When the shooting took place, a child of two and a baby in arms were in the room, but escaped unhurt.

## BEAUTIFUL LONDON?

Why Not Build with Grey, Buff and Red Stones? Asks M.P.

Will London ever be, architecturally speaking, a beautiful city?

The question is prompted, says Mr. N. Gratton Doyle, M.P., not by blindness to the many buildings of exceptional beauty which London already possesses, but by the apparent tendency in the present revival of building operations to sameness if not in design, certainly in colour.

Technical considerations and the terms of leases may, perhaps, require a certain conformity to type in design. But what of colour? "Simple white stone" has its beauty, especially as it weathers.

But, then, so have the warmer tones of grey and buff and red. Why is not greater use made of these?

## £600 A YEAR NOT ENOUGH

Court Sympathy for Ex-Bank Manager Who Attempted Suicide.

John Bowman, a former manager of the Bank of Madras, who, according to counsel, could not live on a pension of £600 a year, was bound over at Bedford yesterday, accused of attempting to commit suicide.

Bowman, who was found by his children with his head on a cushion close to the gas oven, pleaded guilty.

Mr. C. Ritson, a solicitor, said he had known Bowman for fourteen years as a personal friend. He had not seen him for some time, probably owing to the fact that Bowman thought he was indebted to him.

The Recorder said he felt sure everyone in court felt sorry for Bowman.

## LEAD MINE EXPLOSION VICTIM.

Ernest Marshall, a single man, aged thirty-nine, died yesterday from injuries received in a blasting explosion at Millicose lead mines, in which two other men were injured.

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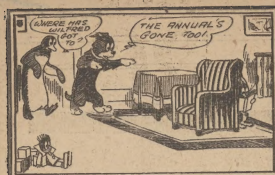
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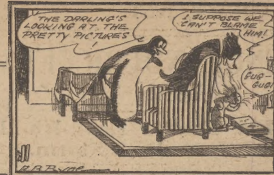




Pets Forget Resolutions:

See Page  
15.

Wilfred has been broken most—



—of his New Year resolutions.

# The Daily Mirror

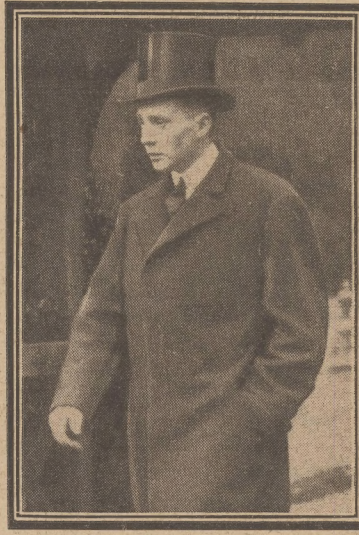
NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

## FUNERAL OF THE EARL OF COTTENHAM: DEATH FROM PNEUMONIA AT TWENTY-ONE

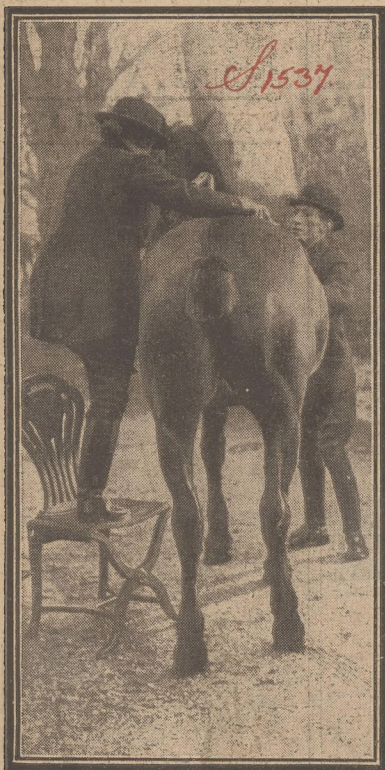


The coffin passing through the churchyard, followed by the Dowager Countess of Cottenham (left), the late earl's stepmother. The funeral of the Earl of Cottenham took place yesterday at Tandridge parish church, Sussex. The late earl, who came of age only last May, died of heart failure following

pneumonia, to which he fell a victim on joining the Christmas party at Park Gate, near Battle, Sussex, the home of Countess Brassey. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



The Hon. Mark Pepys, who succeeds to the title, leaving after the funeral of his brother.



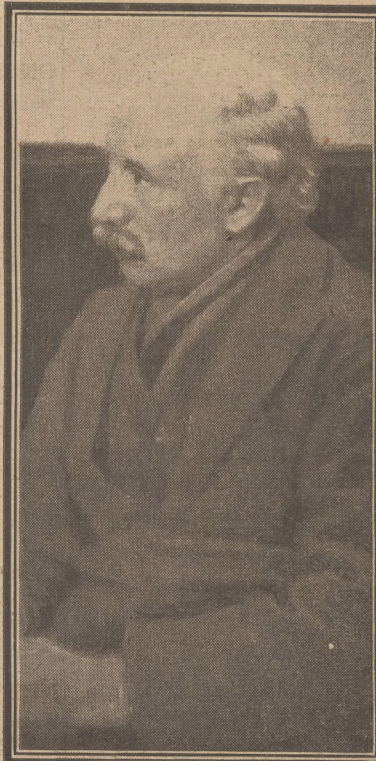
INTO THE SADDLE.—A woman rider to hounds who welcomed the use of a chair as a mounting block at the meet of the South Berks Foxhounds at Wasing Place, near Reading.



Mr. Harry Welchman (right) was among the mourners, who included many people well known in the theatrical world.



MARGARET COOPER'S FUNERAL.—Colonel Mackenzie Rogan (left) at the funeral of Miss Margaret Cooper, the famous entertainer at the piano, at Golders Green yesterday.



PRISON FOR MEDIUM.—Frederick Tansley Munnings, the well-known spirit medium, who was sentenced at Surrey Quarter Sessions yesterday to nine months' hard labour for housebreaking at Woking.